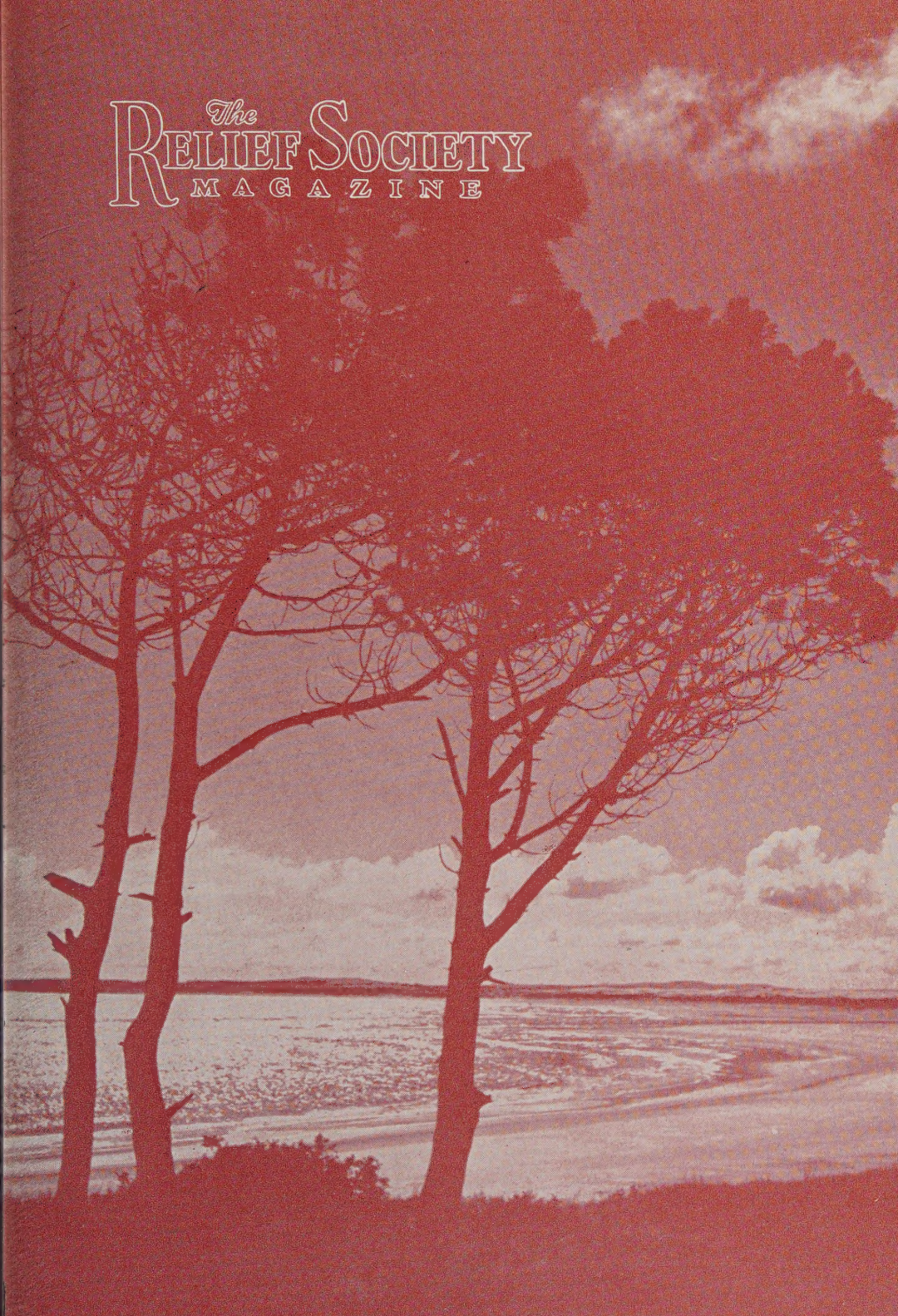
The Relief Society Magazine



VOL. 45 NO. 5

MAY 1958

Bird on an Orchard Bough

Christie Lund Coles

Bird, what are you singing on this petaled bough,
Blooming between the time of bud and fruit;
What is your song, is it a paean of how
The seed was planted and the tree took root;
Of how the brown soil mothered it; and sun,
And rain, like gentle fingers, urged it up
Until this bright-leafed wonder was begun—
An orchard, lifting skies a perfumed cup?

Bird, what are you singing . . . is it a song
Of promises of beauty incarnate
Within the smallest thing where hope is strong
Lifting the spirit, long disconsolate?

Is it to me you sing, of life and May,
Upon this fragrant, iridescent day?

The Cover: Shoreline and Sandy Beach, Punta (Point) Ballena, Uruguay
"Foto Mandello," submitted by Louise B. Parry

Frontispiece: Almond Blossoms Near San Juan, California
Photograph by Ward Linton

Cover Design by Evan Jensen

From Near and Far

The story "Inherit the Earth," by Ilene H. Kingsbury in the March 1958 issue of the *Magazine* is truly a masterpiece. The writing is beautifully sensitive, yet restrained, and the quiet strength of the pioneer woman is revealed with much artistry. Let us hear again from Mrs. Kingsbury.

—Dorothy J. Roberts
Salt Lake City, Utah

I observed with interest the beautiful netting in the November 1957 issue of the *Magazine*, and thought perhaps you might be interested to know how my grandmother, Nancy Shaffer Perry, did it. She did not have a shuttle or other equipment, so Grandpa whittled her out some large needles of wood. They had large eyes, and Grandma had a way of putting the thread in many times so that it formed a very long thread to work with without tying new threads all the time. Then she had her sticks, etc., and she did beautiful work. One thing she made was a bedspread, which my daughter really prizes.

—Florence Thurston
Ogden, Utah

Each issue of *The Relief Society Magazine* is an inspiration to me. I love the stories. "Fifty Singing Aprils," in the February issue, by Mabel Law Atkinson, the second prize story, is beautifully written, with a great depth of love and tenderness to inspire all of us. I look forward for each *Magazine* to arrive and wish to thank everyone who makes it so beautiful and inspiring.

—Mrs. Orlena Arnell
St. Charles, Idaho

I always enjoy the *Magazine*, especially the story edition (April). Of course, I gain most from the lessons, and, being a stake leader, they are vital to me. But for plain enjoyment I read the stories and poetry.

—Sadie H. Greenhalgh
Nephi, Utah

I don't know what I would do if my *Relief Society Magazine* arrived on a day when I couldn't take time off to read it. Even the busiest days, I can't put it down until I have read it from cover to cover. My husband and I were pleasantly surprised to see the picture of Dr. Russell Nelson and his family and the lovely article written by his sweet wife Dantzel in the February issue. Dr. Nelson helped the Lord spare my life while in Boston, for which we are so extremely grateful. Because of this marvelous blessing I have been given the opportunity of being Relief Society president, and I gain so much from the wonderful companion, *The Relief Society Magazine*.

—Grace S. Mortimer
La Marque, Texas

Although I am a man, I enjoy *The Relief Society Magazine* as much as my Relief Society sister does. I worked with Relief Societies in Missoula, Montana, about thirty years ago, also in Idaho in two different wards. May I say I have never worked with finer, cleaner, or sweeter ladies than those sisters were. I am past eighty-two years and have been a Church member since 1897. I am the oldest member in Missoula Ward.

—Ariel G. Nielsen
Missoula, Montana

Just a line to express my appreciation for Mabel Law Atkinson's beautiful poem "Perfect Prelude" in the January 1958 issue of the *Magazine*. Her last thought: "I never knew the mellowed years could be the perfect prelude to eternity," is so wonderful and so true. . . . We appreciate not only the *Magazine*, but also the wonderful material given us for Relief Society work. The lessons are outstanding. Many thanks. I have had the privilege of serving in Relief Society more than forty-five years and feel it has been a splendid experience.

—Elizabeth H. Welker
Salt Lake City, Utah

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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Mother's Influence in the Home

Mary R. Young

Member, General Board of Relief Society

FEW subjects have received more attention by writers than that of mother and home. It always has been and always will be a subject of vital importance to the individual, the community, the nation, and the world.

John A. Widtsoe said: "As the mothers are so the nation is likely to be. That is the responsibility of woman and the blessing to mankind."

As we ponder over these words we realize the great responsibility and privilege of motherhood. This word has radiated a fragrance of love and devotion from the beginning of time. The beauty and power of a mother's love cannot be equaled in any other facet of life. Her love, devotion, kindness, her understanding and courage are found among all races and in all parts of the world.

Her deep love for her children may even create within her breast a constant conflict. Love to her is not always joy and happiness. While she is expressing her kindness and understanding to her loved ones, at the same time she may be going through the pangs of pain and sorrow within her heart. Indeed, it has been truly said the bravest battles ever fought have not taken place on the battlefields of the world, but have courageously taken place in the hearts of the mothers of men, and those battles have gone on and on in every generation from the beginning of time.

It is the desire and hope of almost every mother to live in such a way that "her children rise up and call her blessed." But mothers are only human, after all, with weaknesses and imperfections; they are ever cognizant of their shortcomings and of mistakes that are made. However, Latter-day Saint mothers are particularly fortunate and blessed to have the enlightened understanding and knowledge of the principles of the gospel, with prophets to guide, direct, and impress upon them the great responsibility of maintaining homes according to the teachings of the Church.

"Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it" (Proverbs 22:6).

Do mothers stop to realize how much their influence in the home affects the destiny of their children, not only in this life, but also in eternity? Unfortunately, some do not realize this truth or do not let first things come first; because we frequently hear remarks of this kind. "I am just a housewife and mother, I am tired of caring for children and doing housework all day. I would really like to do something worthwhile before I get any older."

What profession or career could compare with successfully building and molding character and rearing a family in righteousness? What could be more worthwhile? We have been commanded to do this, "and they shall also teach their children to pray, and to walk uprightly before the Lord" (D & C 68:28).

President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., in advising Latter-day Saint women on

their responsibilities as mothers and homemakers said:

> . . . may God . . . give you the vision of the true homemaker, that you will be able to save by this course, not alone Zion, but the world. And that is your destiny . . . to save the world (President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., *The Relief Society Magazine*, December 1949, page 798).

CHILDREN require more than food, clothing, shelter, and scholastic instruction to learn the essential qualities of character. In the home mother has the opportunity to start in infancy to teach by precept and example these qualities that are so essential to them in later life. It is in the home that personality characteristics are indelibly stamped.

I will be eternally grateful to my mother for her teachings and influence for righteousness in our home, and for the lessons her life has taught me. She instilled into her five children a burning testimony of the gospel, a testimony of the divinity of Jesus Christ, and that obedience to the commandments and principles of the gospel would bring joy, happiness, and exaltation hereafter. Courage and determination in times of sorrow, stress, and strain; to push forward and overcome adversity have been some of her outstanding qualities and ones we could still emulate. Mother, left a widow before the birth of her last child, taught us by example to accept assignments or whatever we were asked to do and then go forward to accomplish them to the very best of our ability, stressing the necessity of effort and work. She was never afraid of work. She has always been loyal and devoted to the cause of truth — an inspiration to her children and grandchildren.

When reflecting on the home of my childhood, I cannot help but recall the influence my two grandmothers had on my early life. Both were noble pioneers, with faith and determination always to stand for right. They also taught spirituality, obedience, service, and love for one's neighbor. My grandmothers always had time to minister to the sick and help someone who was in need. Yes, I am truly grateful for my heritage and for the example that was set for me to follow.

There is a definite challenge to mothers today. Problems, situations, and times are different from what they were in the days of our pioneers, however there will always remain certain basic principles and truths that should be taught in the home, such as honesty, truth, and chastity.

Motherhood will continue to be a career of sacrifice, service, patience, understanding, and love throughout all ages. Love will continue to be of paramount importance in the home. You may have a palace and yet not have a home. You may live in just a log house and yet have a glorious home, if within those four walls there permeates the divine principle of love, love that draws a family together, love that calls for obedience, love and faith in God.

Motherhood is the greatest potential influence either for good or ill in human life. It would be well for us to remember the words of President David O. McKay, who advised the Relief Society sisters on one occasion: "That increased attention be given and more intensified efforts put forth to maintain and preserve the dignity of motherhood" (*The Relief Society Magazine*, December 1950, page 799).

In Memoriam

Oscar Ammon Kirkham

JANUARY 22, 1880 - MARCH 10, 1958

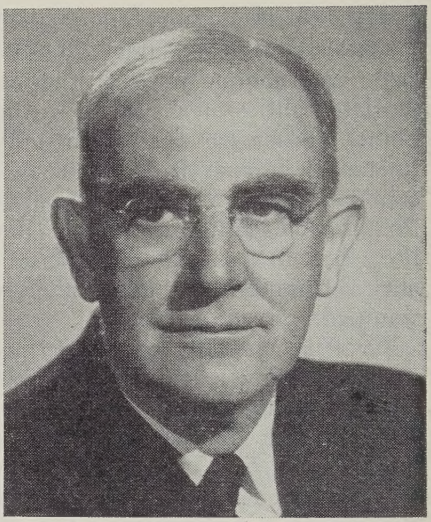
Elder Antoine R. Ivins

Of the First Council of the Seventy

EARLY in the morning of March 10th of the current year, Oscar Ammon Kirkham gave up the problems of mortality and passed on to his eternal reward. His going closed a life of great activity and useful service to his Church and his fellow men. He used his varied talents always in the interest of people and in his thinking, people were reduced to individuals as varied as their number. Men and boys usually were the subjects of his interest and service and it can be said that they always benefited by contact with him.

A portion of his life was devoted to the study and teaching of music, but the greater part was given over to the Boy Scout work with which he was associated from the time it became a part of the Mutual Improvement program. In this service he touched the lives of literally thousands of young men upon whom his influence was always helpful and beneficial. These young men comprised many differing nationalities, and no one could come nearer harmonizing their thinking than Oscar. I have had scouters in far off Hawaii tell me that no one in the National Councils could do more to iron out difficulties than Oscar Kirkham. He did a wonderful work and merits the thanks of thousands of men who once were boys under his guidance.

After a long and most active service as above set forth, Oscar was



PRESIDENT OSCAR A. KIRKHAM

brought into the First Council of the Seventy under appointment of President Heber J. Grant. In this capacity he developed the same interest in the Seventies of the Church which he had displayed in dealing with the Scouts. His interest in the Seventies was in men rather than in organizations. Always he strove to develop a pride in the assignment which ordination as a Seventy gave a man. Always he strove to teach the individual responsibility of a Seventy, realizing that in the strength of the individuals is to be found the strength of the group.

No man reaches his maximum development without the aid of a fine supporting wife and Oscar was no

exception. In all his efforts his good wife stood at his side aiding and abetting him in his missions.

He married Ida Murdock in the Salt Lake Temple on the 25th day of May 1904, and from that union came four sons and four daughters all worthy of their ancestry. Theirs is the problem of carrying their father's name into the future.

Song for a Daughter

Mabel Law Atkinson

THIS Mother's Day I would sing my song of love and gratitude for you, my daughter. Sweet is the song you have sung to me throughout the years, not alone on my special day, but on each and every day as it came, not only when I had you at home with me, but in your abundant and fulfilling years since your marriage.

Always your song of laughter and gaiety has echoed through the dark corridors I have walked and lifted my downcast eyes to see the light of hope shining in God's beautiful world. Your song of faith and courage has been my staff on which to lean in my shadowed years, to keep me from sinking into the bitterness of despair. Always, through sunlight and shadows, you have beautified and blessed with your liltingly happy and glad refrains which only the mothers of daughters know.

So from a brimming heart, I sing my song of love in praise of you; in gratitude for the priceless blessings that are mine because of you.

Dear little grown-up girl, listen and hear in this recounting of your song to me, my song for you. Listen, and you will hear the joyous and reverent singing of my heart when you were cradled beneath it; its swelling melody at your first cry—the sweetest music heard. Hear the notes of exultance as you, a perfect little flower of humanity—the live doll for whom I had yearned since a small child—were placed in my waiting arms. Hear the tones of awe and wonder as I watched you growing and made little dresses for you, and curled your hair; as I saw you taking part in Sunday School and Primary, in school programs, in high school and college activities and in Mutual.

Listen and you will hear in my song the added overtones of beauty when you confided to me that *the one man* had told you of his love. That was when you whispered to me—it was just past midnight and you had wakened me—"Mama, he holds me at my best." Listen, and clarion-clear will come in winging, mounting crescendos the reverence and gratitude, the humility and pride in my soul as I walked with you the temple aisles and saw the wonder on your face and received from your eyes the flash of understanding of all that lay ahead in your never-ending journey of happiness.

Dear, precious girl of mine, can you hear the rapturous lyrics of the stars in my song because of the renewed fulfillment I receive each time you place a new little grandchild in my arms? Now I watch you welcoming and caring for each new baby with a joy which passeth understanding, and you still find the time to go beyond your own walls to serve others of the Master's children, as you grow in sweetness and compassion.

So listen, my daughter, on this Mother's Day, to my song of gratitude in praise of you.

The Prophet Joseph Smith's Tribute to His Mother

MY mother is one of the noblest and the best of all women. May God grant to prolong her days and mine, that we may live to enjoy each other's society long, and to breathe the free air (D. H. C. V, page 126).

The Uruguayan Mission

Preston R. Nibley

Assistant Church Historian

IN May 1947, the First Presidency announced that a new mission of the Church would be established in the country of Uruguay, South America, with Fredrick S. Williams of South Gate, California, as president. This was the third mission for President Williams in South America; he had served in the South American Mission from 1927 to 1929, and as President of the Argentine Mission from 1938 to 1942.

After his release from the Argentine Mission, President Williams had spent several years in Uruguay as an employee of the United States Government. He was therefore well qualified to preside over the new mission.

President Williams and family arrived in Montevideo during the latter part of August 1947. He soon purchased a mission home, where a meeting was held on September 7th, with nine people in attendance. The work of proselyting has continued since that time.

After having served faithfully for almost four years, as the first president of the Uruguayan Mission, President Williams was released in July 1951, and was succeeded by Elder Lyman S. Shreeve. President Shreeve was presiding in January 1954, when the Uruguayan Mission was visited by

Courtesy Oficina Nacional de Turismo del Uruguay
Photograph submitted by Afton K. Shreeve

A COUNTRY SCENE, LAVELLEJA, URUGUAY

Courtesy Oficina Nacional de Turismo del Uruguay
Photograph submitted by Louise B. Parry

VIEW OF PUNTA DEL ESTE, MALDONADO, URUGUAY

President David O. McKay, who was making a tour of the South American missions. President McKay was accompanied by Mrs. McKay and their son Robert.

On January 30, 1954, at Montevideo, President McKay laid the cornerstone "of the first complete Church edifice, of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, built in South America."

President Shreeve served as mission president until September 1955, when he was succeeded by Frank D. Parry. After a brief illness, Sister Louise B. Parry, wife of President Parry, died at Montevideo, on June 7, 1956. With the help of his daughter, Sharon Louise Parry, President Parry continued to preside over the mission until March 1958, when he was succeeded by Arthur M. Jensen.

On December 31, 1957, there were 1,800 members of the Church in the Uruguayan Mission, located in thirty-two branches.

Twenty-eight Relief Society organizations, with 578 members, were reported in December 1957. Lois Geniel Hansen Jensen presides over the Uruguayan Mission Relief Society.

Note: The cover for this *Magazine* "Shoreline and Sandy Beach, Punta (Point) Ballena, Uruguay," was submitted by Louise B. Parry, former President of the Uruguayan Mission Relief Society. See also "Recipes From Uruguay," by Sister Parry, page 312.

Contest Announcements—1958

CONTESTS CLOSE AUGUST 15, 1958

THE Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest and the Relief Society Short Story Contest are conducted annually by the General Board of Relief Society to stimulate creative writing among Latter-day Saint women and to encourage high standards of work. Latter-day Saint women who qualify under the rules of the respective contests are invited to enter their work in either or both contests.

Beginning this year the amounts of the prize awards for poetry have been increased from $25, $20, and $15, to $40, $30, and $20; and for stories, from $50, $40, and $30, to $75, $60, and $50.

The General Board would be pleased to receive entries from the outlying stakes and missions of the Church as well as from those in and near Utah. Since the two contests are entirely separate, requiring different writing skills, the winning of an award in one of them in no way precludes winning in the other. It is suggested that authors who plan to enter the contests study carefully the articles on story writing and poetry which appear in this *Magazine* and similar articles in the May issue 1955, 1956, and 1957, and in the June issue for the preceding nine years.

Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest

THE Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest opens with this announcement and closes August 15, 1958. Prizes will be awarded as follows:

First prize $40
Second prize $30
Third prize $20

Prize poems will be published in the January 1959 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine* (the birthmonth of Eliza R. Snow).

Prize-winning poems become the property of the Relief Society General Board and may not be published by others except upon written permission from the General Board. The General Board reserves the right to publish any of the other poems submitted, paying for them at the time of publication at the regular *Magazine* rates.

Rules for the contest:

1. This contest is open to all Latter-day Saint women, exclusive of members of the Relief Society General Board and employees of the Relief Society General Board.

2. Only one poem may be submitted by each contestant.

3. The poem must not exceed fifty lines and should be typewritten, if possible; where this cannot be done, it should be legibly written. Only one side of the paper is to be used. (A duplicate copy of the poem should be retained by contestants to insure against loss.)

4. The sheet on which the poem is written is to be without signature or other identifying marks.

5. No explanatory material or picture is to accompany the poems.

6. Each poem is to be accompanied by a stamped envelope on which is written the contestant's name and address. Nom de plumes are not to be used.

7. *A signed statement is to accompany the poem submitted, certifying:*

a. That the author is a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.
b. That the poem (state title) is the contestant's original work.
c. That it has never been published.
d. That it is not in the hands of an editor or other person with a view to publication.
e. That it will not be published nor submitted elsewhere for publication until the contest is decided.

8. A writer who has received the first prize for two consecutive years must wait two years before she is again eligible to enter the contest.

9. The judges shall consist of one member of the General Board, one person from the English department of an educational institution, and one person who is a recognized writer. In case of complete disagreement among judges, all poems selected for a place by the various judges will be submitted to a specially selected committee for final decision.

In evaluating the poems, consideration will be given to the followinig points:

a. Message or theme
b. Form and pattern
c. Rhythm and meter
d. Accomplishment of the purpose of the poem
e. Climax

10. *Entries must be postmarked not later than August* 15, 1958.

11. All entries are to be addressed to Relief Society Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest, 76 North Main, Salt Lake City 11, Utah.

Relief Society Short Story Contest

THE Relief Society Short Story Contest for 1958 opens with this announcement and closes August 15, 1958.

The prizes this year will be as follows:

First prize $75
Second prize $60
Third prize $50

The three prize-winning stories will be published consecutively in the first three issues of *The Relief Society Magazine* for 1959. Prize-winning stories become the property of the Relief Society General Board and may not be published by others except upon written permission from the General Board. The General Board reserves the right to publish any of the other stories entered in the contest, paying for them at the time of publication at the regular *Magazine* rates.

Rules for the contest:

1. This contest is open to Latter-day Saint women—exclusive of members of the Relief Society General Board and employees of the General Board—who have had at least one literary composition published or accepted for publication.

2. Only one story may be submitted by each contestant.

3. The story must not exceed 3,000 words in length and must be typewritten. The number of the words must appear on the first page of the manuscript. (All words should be counted, including one and two-letter words.) A duplicate copy of the story should be retained by contestants to insure against loss.

4. The contestant's name is not to appear anywhere on the manuscript, but a stamped envelope on which is written the contestant's name and address is to be enclosed with the story. Nom de plumes are not to be used.

5. *A signed statement is to accompany the story submitted certifying:*

a. That the author is a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.
b. That the author has had at least one

literary composition published or accepted for publication. (This statement must give name and date of publication in which the contestant's work has appeared, or, if not yet published, evidence of acceptance for publication.)

c. That the story submitted (state the title and number of words) is the contestant's original work.

d. That it has never been published, that it is not in the hands of an editor or other person with a view to publication, and that it will not be published nor submitted elsewhere for publication until the contest is decided.

6. No explanatory material or picture is to accompany the story.

7. A writer who has received the first prize for two consecutive years must wait for two years before she is again eligible to enter the contest.

8. The judges shall consist of one member of the General Board, one person from the English department of an educational institution, and one person who is a recognized writer. In case of complete disagreement among the judges, all stories selected for a place by the various judges will be submitted to a specially selected committee for final decision.

In evaluating the stories, consideration will be given to the following points:

a. Characters and their presentation
b. Plot development
c. Message of the story
d. Writing style

9. *Entries must be postmarked not later than* August 15, 1958.

10. All entries are to be addressed to Relief Society Short Story Contest, 76 North Main, Salt Lake City 11, Utah.

The Gift and the Desire

Alice Morrey Bailey

FINE poetry, like good music, speaks to the soul, and the reader is conscious only of its message, its singing, its color, or its mood. Only close analysis and examination reveal the mechanism used by the author to gain the results. If the attention of the reader is diverted to the author by untrue premise, inconsistent metaphor, or limping technique, the senses are jarred, sometimes indefinably, as by a false note in musical rendition. The perfect balance of talent and techniques is required to produce lasting and beloved poetic work.

The talent for writing poetry is a special gift—something innate, inborn, like the gift for music, which gives a deep appreciation, perhaps a more sensitive perception, a quick compassion. It may be a great capacity for emotion, an ability to see beauty or goodness or greatness. There can be something of the sage in the makeup and, for the sake of publication, a dash of intuition. Certainly there must be a sense of music and rhythm.

There are recognizable steps to become a poet, from amateur to seasoned writer—the ripening of the personality, the mastering of the skills and learning necessary for sustained production. For the beginner, talent is enough for a time, as he feels his way about, strengthens his identity, before he comes in contact with other poets and their ways of self-expression. Young people without much knowledge or training quite often write with freshness of quality from a superabundance of emotion and appreciation. They are not familiar with styles, which can easily be copied, the

cliches which trap the well-read poet, nor the loved expressions of other poets which linger in the mind to make partial and unwitting plagiarists of the more experienced writers.

But alas! Though we must remain vibrant and intense, and in love with the world about us, we cannot continue to be young and charmingly inexperienced. Progression by learning is necessary for a continued, consistent performance. If the will is not strong enough to hurdle the knowledge needed and master the craftsmanship of polishing, the gift will become recessive or degenerate to the ability to write only jingles with superficial meaning.

WHILE natural talent is necessary, some gifted people overemphasize its importance and think it is unnecessary to expose it to learning. To have "never taken a lesson in my life" in any of the arts should be an indictment, not a point of pride with the talented. Competition is not a matter of talent versus learning, but a matter of untrained talent versus trained talent, before which untrained talent and untalented learning are at equal disadvantage.

Goal and direction should be determined early. What is the poet's desire? To have one or many published poems? To earn money by writing poetry? To be known in intellectual circles as a poet? To be remembered after death? All these are surely measures of success, rewards or penalties, according to the viewpoint, but they are not the end product. Should not the poet's aim be higher? To mirror the world in a droplet of water, to catch time in a prism of words, to hold dramatic moment in eternal tableau, to preserve the blossomed bough against the season's turning, are challenges to his pen. If his words carry the power of motivation—to move men to love and honor their surroundings, to think more beautifully, to achieve more nobly, to know more truly—then he tastes the true measure of success.

To One Who Would Be a Poet

You must bear loneliness, silence,
And the starless night,
You must see darkness as
The counterpart of light.

You must hear the crunch of leaves
And sequin-crusted snow,
And ache with the awareness
The anointed know.

You must hear the whine of wind
Through the barren tree
And cry out in anguish
And affinity.

You must thirst forever
At beauty's silver spring.
You must fall beaten to the earth
Then rise again and sing.

—Christie Lund Coles[1]

A symphony orchestra, playing the masterworks, would not use a toy piano, tin trumpets, and cardboard drums. Nor would it appear before the public with only enthusiasm and gusto in place of tedious rehearsals; yet many poets, desiring to rush into print, limit themselves as ludicrously. A scientist, preparing a study, first reads the "literature," all things previously written on the subject.

Poetry can be approached as a science, inasmuch as it can be a department of systematized knowledge. Good books on technique can not only hurry the poet toward maturity in his work, but can keep the interest at high pitch and pro-

gressive. He can develop the sureness of specific knowledge — the poetry terms by name and definition, the various rhythms and meters, accent, delayed accent, feminine and masculine endings, to name a few. He can become proficient with writing in form, suiting form to poem, the ballad, the lyric, the sonnet. He can exercise his ingenuity with rarer forms like the triolet and the cinquain as well as the quatrain and the couplet. Poetry forms can become as familiar to him as the limerick is to the field of advertising.

It is not suggested that a poet confine himself to form, particularly any set form. In fact, the contraction of the "sonnet habit" is so prevalent as to have brought this beautiful and exacting form into disfavor with many writers and editors. Whitman made his own form, not from a lack of knowledge of the established ones, but from a fierce nationalism, a lusty desire for individualism, and a feeling that his was a new-world voice which should have cast off the old; but it was his mighty thinking and his heroic words which preserved his poetry for us. It is suggested, however, that learners need the discipline of writing in forms for facility and variety, for virtuosity and mastery.

* * * *

Almost it was she made her mind a loom,
And words, the glowing threads, wherewith she wove
A tapestry of life. . . .

—Margery S. Stewart[2]

WORDS are a poet's tools. With them he chisels his poems from the rough marble of his thoughts, or molds them from the vague clay of an idea. A good dictionary and a thesaurus should be his much-used handbooks. Some bizarre effects are tried with word misuse in modern poetry; whatever the reason, it should not be from ignorance of the true meaning of the word, and never from incorrect pronunciation or spelling. He should properly apply diction, the choice and pronunciation of words, their use in proper order, so that he may avoid inversions and vagaries. The artistic writer uses understatement rather than overstatement, but employs words rich in overtones, which send the mind on journeyings.

The rhyming dictionary is a good servant, but a poor master, and should be used with wisdom. Its consultation too early in writing a poem can intrigue the mind from its original intent by the presentation of interesting rhyme schemes. Prosaic tools are parts of artistry.

* * * *

Above the painted chasm
Rides the Silver Navajo;
He wears a brace of silver spurs
That strike an eerie glow.
With eagle haste he rides
To leap the wide abyss
And none can find his trail
In all the wilderness.

(The river chants a red refrain,
Driven by the flood and rain.)

—Vesta P. Crawford[3]

Imagery and metaphor are the poet's brushes, nuance, overtones, undertones, diction, his full range of colors. With them he paints with telling strokes, appealing to the senses and emotions so vividly that the swell and pound of the sea, the desert's coyote wail, the mystic canyon's red become a part of the reader's experience; his first visits to them are only confirmations of what he already has known and felt.

Rhythm, meter, letters, and syl-

lables are the tones of the poet's singing. Milton used the sibilant "s" to denote the presence of the serpent. Many an unwitting poet has filled his spring poems with hisses. Poe used the repeated long vowel tones to create mood in "The Raven," a poem so phonetic that even children recite it without regard to meaning, just for the joy of the sound. All poetry should be written for the ear. Many a poem pleasing to the eye or the mind sounds strident or stilted when read aloud. For this reason Whitman strode the beaches where he could be alone, reciting his long lines into the wind.

It is suggested that all techniques be learned by theory and practice, then relegated to the subconscious in the category of tools, and not, as some artists do nowadays, let the tools, color, design, form, become the painting, used as the end product. With them in the background, the trained mind is ready for the free flow of ideas, the natural speech rhythms, and can draw forth lyrics without interference.

All knowledge hinted at here, and much more, is available to the determined craftsman. Books are readily catalogued to the fingertips of librarians and generously loaned; even by mail, magazines are published with specific help and suggested markets; universities offer many courses in poetry appreciation and creative writing; writing conferences bring personal contact with editors and the renowned in the field; competitions whet the skill. The desire and the obligation of the gifted can afford to pass by none of these.

With the universe full of subject matter, the genius of the poet is limited only by his own capacity and his own will, and need not stop at even Shakespearian performance. There are heroes in the world today just as there were in the times of Homer, and giants to portray as in the days of the ancient Greek dramatists, Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. No part of the world's history is more significant than now. The poetry of the masters has been preserved for our reading from farther back in history than has been any other form of writing. Those who have gone before are measures only of what man has done, not of what he is capable of doing, providing he has the gift and the desire to use it well.

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Why Not Write a Story?

Helen Hinckley Jones

YOU want to write a short story. Well, why not? Go ahead and write it. Don't read a book on how to write it; don't go to a lecture and note down a dozen rules; don't even read this article until after you have written it. That is, unless you are able to put these suggestions in the back of your mind and forget them. I've seen too many writers get paralysis through analysis. Worrying too much about the *how* of writing keeps you from living in the *what*.

Perhaps you have the story already in your mind and heart. A story needs to live with you in both these regions, in order to be a really good story. Maybe you have carried it with you for years. Maybe it occurred full bloom to you last night. But, if you don't have a story, you can still create one. Notice the word is *create* and not *contrive*.

Are you old enough to remember how the balky pump used to be primed? You can prime your mind, too, and sometimes by priming you get a surprising flow of good story ideas. Here are a few pump primers.

See if you can recall—through your emotions, not through your mind — some moment in your own life that had a powerful emotional impact upon you. Did you ever feel really lighthearted, really brokenhearted, really buoyed up? If you have felt these emotions, or a hundred others, see if you can coax the same reaction back into your physical body. See if you can *feel again*. This is one ability that is shared by most creative people. If you can, then the situations in which you felt this way will occur to you and you will have an idea or incident out of which to make a story.

You may not be able to do this. If not, here is a purely mental primer. Think of some person whose life has touched yours. You are not going to tell his story. That would be biography. You think of this character until you can lift him out of his time and place. You know his strength and his weakness. Now you say, "What if . . .?" You put this person into many many situations and try to imagine how he would react to these situations. You will probably catch on to a story. Very frequently I use my father in my books and stories. I knew him so well. You see I knew him almost as well as I know myself, because we were much alike. If I need to get really inside the character of a man, I give him the same combination of material and spiritual qualities which I know so well. In my novel, *The Mountains Are Mine*, my Amos Farnsworth has my father's wisdom and patience and reliance on God.

Still another primer is to think about universal truths in which you really believe. You can start with *Poor Richard's Almanac*, or you can start with Proverbs in the Bible. What do you deeply believe? Now you create a character who does not believe this thing and allow her to have the experiences which will bring her to the point where she will agree with you.

Don't try to create a story in a day. Figure on doing a great deal

of "brooding" on your idea. Let the idea mature and ripen and take form before you try to put it down on paper. I know that many good stories have been written in the fire of a moment's inspiration. I know even more that haven't. A famous short story writer recently said that one of her stories took her twenty-two years before an incident touched the whole idea off and made it into a story. But maybe you had better not wait twenty-two years, if you plan to enter this year's Relief Society Short Story Contest!

ANYWAY, now you have a story to tell and your problem is to tell it. My advice is to get where you can enter the mood of the story. One author who writes graphic stories of the South Seas has one corner of a room with books about the islands on low shelves, a map of the area on the wall beside him. He studies the map and the pictures until he "goes under," as one might go under an anesthetic. Then he writes. The important thing is to write as fast as you can and as freely as you can. I try to remove my conscious mind from the whole operation and tap a deeper flow of creative energy. If I stop to worry about vocabulary or sentence structure, I'm lost. The day is lost. The story is lost. If you can do the story at one sitting, so much the better. I wrote while my girls were babies, so I know that that can't always be done. If you can't do the whole story at once, each time you take up your work, type the last page or so to get back into the flow.

Now your story is finished. You don't know whether it is good or terrible at this point. Some writers always feel that the story just rolled out of the typewriter is a masterpiece; some always feel that it must be nothing at all.

Now put the story away for a few hours or a few days. This cooling off period is *absolutely necessary*. Don't neglect it. After this cooling off period, pick it up and read it for pleasure.

Having read the story for enjoyment, you are ready for the hardest job of all: the revision. It is time to ask your story *four questions*.

1. Whose story is this? Do we feel strongly about the central character?
2. What do we want for the hero or the heroine?
3. What keeps us worried throughout the story? Is there a point at which we almost despair?
4. What dramatic event gives the character the thing we want her to have?

These questions may seem elementary to you, but believe me, they are the test of a well-formed story. In asking them, we are excluding only one type of story—the epiphany or revelation. In this story the average reader sees only a character sketch or a mood piece. Actually, the writer has tried to open for the reader a long view into an otherwise dark world. These stories are difficult to read and difficult to write, so we won't bother with them right now. We want to tell a story that the people whom we know will read with more than pleasure. We want to communicate to our own peers, so give close attention to the answers your story gives to each of the following questions:

1. *Whose story is this?* Why, that's easy, you say. But it isn't. Frequently, other characters get into the way of a clean, pure story line. The story editor of four excellent

TV shows told me that his staff gets stories all the time in which they can't decide which role should be given to the "name star." Was the woman the star? The man? The heavy? A story like this is either rejected or rewritten. Keep in mind that the point-of-view character doesn't always *own* the story. We may see through the eyes of the child the story of the mother or of the big sister or the teacher; through the eyes of the mother, the story of the teenager suffering in the process of growing up.

A GENERAL rule—and rules have all sorts of variations—is that the *owner* of the story is the person who brings about the desired end. If the story belongs to the evil character something he *does* must bring his destruction. Now that you have a finished story before you, you can see whether or not the central character solves her own problem.

2. Frequently new writers get all tied up with the second question: *What do we want for the hero or the heroine?* That is because they figure that the reader should agree with the central character about what the goal should be. This is sometimes true, but often it isn't. A hero may want revenge, and what we want for him is the ability to forgive. The heroine may want to marry a young scientist new in her town who has a different religious background; what we want for her is marriage with the clean-faced young student who shares her background.

Once I invented a short-story formula which I secretly thought might revolutionize story telling as did O'Henry's. I called it the *social justice* formula. In my story a lovable character was introduced, and the reader was encouraged to expect something good for him. In the end this deserving man didn't get what we wanted him to have—and he, himself, wanted — because of social injustice. In one story a tired little woman had given her life to supervising the ladies' room in a large department store. I knew such a lady, diminutive, bird-like, still with her heavy Cockney accent. The story grew out of the "what if. . . . ?" train of thought. Anyway, the reader thought as the story progressed that the woman's boss was retiring her to a beautiful little apartment — sort of in gratitude for her faithful service. The reader discovered in the last line that the little woman was merely being given an advance peek at a newly decorated store powder room.

I must have written almost forty stories on this formula, and I got them back from all the best places, sometimes with encouraging notes on the characterization. "Please try us again." . . . "Your next story may be more in line with our editorial policy" . . . . At last one editor was kind enough to be cruel. He wrote a note: "Society didn't cheat that woman. You did."

THE reader should want something definite for the central character from a very early point in the story. Sometimes a story breaks in two because the author changes the *want*. Or a want is fulfilled and another one is introduced. Ask your story if the reader knows what to want for the central character by the time she has finished the first page. Ask your story if that want is fulfilled in the last paragraph. If you can answer both of these ques-

tions with an absolute yes, you have a well-defined story line.

Let's check on a story that fails to answer yes to these questions.

You start with a lovable young woman. You want her to marry the right man. She does. You want her to have a baby. She does. You want her to move to the country. She does. This story is like a string of sausages. You really haven't a story here no matter how well you tell it. Suppose, instead, that you start with a young woman who feels a deep hunger for something that she has never known. But the reader is more perceptive than this girl; the reader knows what she wants. She needs to get away from the pressures of city life and find peace in country tranquility. At the very opening of the story the reader wants this, and can't see why the girl doesn't see it, too. Then the right husband, the birth of the baby, are both moves toward what the reader wants for her—the relaxed life and peace of the country.

3. The things that keep a reader in suspense throughout a story differ so much with different stories that you may have to be your own judge as to whether the reader will be worried or not. But the reader wants to be worried, and he'll be disappointed if he isn't. More of my friends and students get their stories back marked *predictable* than for any other reason.

Now look, you say, if the reader knows right at first just what she wants for this central character and knows that by the rules of story telling she'll have to get it, then isn't every story predictable? The answer is that if the story is considered as a mental puzzle it might be. However, if the story is well written, and the obstacles and hurdles that are placed in the character's way are convincing, emotionally the reader will accept the story and worry. These obstacles shouldn't be contrived. They should grow out of the weakness of the character, the strength of her opponents, the influence of the environment. They must not be just *made up*.

IT is lucky for you that you have recently read *Hamlet*. Check the play again for the elements that kept you worried. Of course, since *Hamlet* is a tragedy, you did not get what you wanted for him, in a way. But you got what you felt deeply was the only thing that he could get, being the man that he was.

If your story is all *sweetness and light* and flows along like a quiet stream, it may have charm, but it doesn't have drama, and it doesn't have suspense.

I spoke earlier of the *dark moment*. That is the moment when the reader is almost sure that she is not going to get what she wants for the central character. Let me remind you that the character may be getting what he wants; he may be riding blindly toward the thing he wants and the reader be in agony because the hero is making such a great mistake. Recently I was reading of a young boy who wanted more than anything else *to belong* even though belonging meant joining a group of young criminals. I was gripped by the story because I watched him tentatively make overtures to this evil gang. He was about to find approval from the gang's leader, Rick, but he had to "take the test"—that is, do some criminal thing. I was so afraid that he wouldn't turn back in time!

ON the other hand, if the reader wants the thing for the character that she wants for herself, the dark moment comes when she gives up hope and almost decides not to try further.

Look over your story for the elements of suspense. Remember that they are as important in the quiet story of the inner life of a middle-aged woman as they are in the physical life of a teenage boy.

Something that I do very frequently myself and suggest that my students do, is to read published stories and test them in this same objective way.

4. Now for the dramatic event that brings about the desired end, whether it be a realization, a change of attitude, or a goal achieved. Don't use a fire, a flood, a dying child, an accident, unless this thing is a real part of your story from the very first. Your character must solve his own problem. See?

Some woman who reads your story will involve herself in it. She will actually *be* your main character. The reason? She has the same problem. Unconsciously she will expect the solution in the story to be a possible solution for her. She is cheated if some disaster solves the problem. How can she possibly expect the same coincidence to happen to her life?

Probably the weakest crutch that writers use is the *parallel case*. Margie sees what Mamie did or did not do and and "comes to realize." Perhaps you won't recognize the parallel case if you have used it. It can appear in many guises. Suppose I am a young housewife chafing because I am acquiring nice things for my house very slowly. I am envious of the carpets in my neighbor's house. One day I overhear a quarrel about installment payments between my neighbor and her husband and I realize that it is better to wait than to buy when one hasn't the money. That is a parallel case solution that is disguised by having the facts a little different. Do you see what I mean? Read several stories and see if this weakness is apparent.

Remember the X scene is the climax and the story should end with drama.

I realize that this advice is very packed! Why don't four or five of you who are interested in writing, or even in just reading, get together and read and discuss these suggestions. Then put them away in the back of your mind and write your story. But as you write don't think of the four questions. If you do you may freeze right at your desk. You will have paralysis by analysis. After the story is *cold* put it before you, ask it the questions, and make it talk back. If the story has failed in any way you can rethink it and rewrite it.

It is most important that we attempt revision with clear vision.

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Papa and His Grapes

Florence B. Dunford

ON ordinary occasions Celia was glad to see her Papa, but not today. Jamie, her best beau, was coming to dinner.

"Oh, Mama, why can't Papa just stay downtown this one evening?" she mourned now. Celia was nineteen, but still of an age that looks askance at plain-spoken, plain-doing fathers. Jamie, of course, was anything but plain.

"He'll be all right, really he will," Celia's mother comforted her. She was rather red-faced herself, bending over, polishing the French Provincial furniture in their old-fashioned house with its high ceilings and square rooms. Celia's mother, when let alone, was a rather placid, cheerful, comfortable person, a trifle overweight, her gray eyes kind, really the motherly type.

"Mother, you think the turkey will be done?" Celia worried, going toward the kitchen. "Oh, isn't this kitchen old-fashioned!" she cried, her voice desperate.

Her mother, weary now, trudged in behind her. "Well, anyway, you're not."

Celia was frowning over an etiquette book. "Mother, it says here . . ." Then her eye caught the big paper sack on the white tile counter. "Oh, Mother!" she wailed. "Papa and his grapes!"

For an instant her mother seemed about to rush forward, too. Then she swayed back on her heels. "Oh, Celia! I thought the house was afire. Why can't you just accept the homely things your father does? After all, he's lived in our small comfortable town for all his forty years. And he really likes grapes."

"Well, I don't like seeing a big paper bag cluttering up the counter. There's never any room in our tiny ice box. If I put them in a bowl, the fruit flies gather.

"Oh, Mother," she wept, "can't you make Papa be formal this one night? Jamie's a city-bred man! His folks have had the same apartment on the crest of one of San Francisco's hills all his life."

While Celia stuffed the bag of grapes inside a lower cupboard next to the tall, old-fashioned gas range, Celia's mother tried to reassure her.

"Let's see now, you want Papa at one end of the dining-room table and me at the other end. You and Jamie across from each other. But your father always likes me to watch his plate," she went on. "He hates having to ask for things to be passed."

"Well," Celia said, "I'll serve from the kitchen. I'll remove each course and bring in the next one.

"And please, Mama . . ." her voice faltered, "please, Mama, don't let on that we don't eat that way all the time! Why, Jamie's mother has a maid! A real maid! Imagine what Jamie'd think if he saw the way we always eat family-style!"

By now Celia had even her mother puzzled. "But we are a family." She lifted her chin a bit stubbornly. "Why shouldn't we eat family-style?"

"Because . . ." Celia snatched up

the etiquette book again. "Because, it says here. . . ." She broke off, "Oh, what's the use? I may as well give up. I'll never get Jamie. All those months at school simply wasted!"

THE moment Celia heard her Papa's old black sedan chugging up the driveway toward the one-car garage, Celia, with a last half-pleading, half-warning look for her mother, hurried upstairs. Going back and forth between her bedroom and the bath, she heard her mother and father talking in now low, now louder, tones.

"Bless her," Celia murmured, grateful tears coming into her eyes. Because Mother was really telling Papa about his old-fashioned ways, the necessity of making the sort of impression Celia wanted on her hoped-for fiance. And, as usual, when Mother really meant business, Papa was listening. Though even now he was breaking in, grumbling about dinner being served at the unheard of hour of eight o'clock. "My father never ate supper after six in his life," he fumed.

Celia's mother succeeded in calming him. "It's Celia's future that's at stake. She's nineteen. At that age you thought you knew what was best for you, too."

Celia's mother had been so successful that, at a quarter of eight, just as the old-fashioned buzzer on the front door sang through the house, announcing Jamie, her father came from her parents' room downstairs, dressed in his tuxedo. As Celia flew down the stairs, her blue chiffon dress spreading fan-like around her, her dark-gold hair drawn back into a lady-like chignon, her grateful glance even noted his black bow tie, and cracked, but polished patent leather shoes.

THERE in the small entrance-way with its fanlight, the rose-patterned paper on the walls, the friendly smell of turkey coming from the kitchen, Celia thought for one breathless instant that Jamie was going to kiss her. But tonight was different from times at college. This was Jamie's formal visit to meet her parents, to decide. Celia was so in love that she was past minding that her own decision had been made long ago, and that Jamie might know it.

Dark-haired Jamie gave her his hat. Men, it seemed, still wore hats in San Francisco. San Francisco, Celia thought, with another catch in her throat, was perhaps one of the few formal cities left in the United States. Certainly in California.

Celia's parents dutifully came into the living room, "parlor," Papa called it.

"Jamie, I'd like you to meet my parents," Celia said, her voice a little high and shaky. "Mother, Papa, this is James Thornton."

Papa started to rock back and forth on his toes, giving Jamie the once-over as he did in court. But, just in time, Celia's mother's hand touched his arm, reminding him that this time he was the judged.

AS far as Celia could determine, neither her father nor her mother behaved in any way but as quiet, modern, up-to-date parents, in their quiet, modern, up-to-date home. But there were times when Celia herself was a bit off balance.

She wasn't used to bringing in, or taking away. Once, Papa got a bit impatient at having to ask for his second helping of turkey. Once, for some unknown reason, Jamie choked, really over nothing.

But then he apologized at once, gulped from his goblet of water. And the quiet, rather dull dinner went on. Celia herself felt worn out when she had cleared the dessert plates and brought in the milk-white glass finger bowls. But even at this unusual occurrence, Celia could not detect any questioning in either of her parent's faces or manner.

The dinner and the beginning of the evening, she felt, had really gone off very well. Later, perhaps, Jamie would ask if she'd like to go to a movie or dance.

Celia was unprepared when, rising from the sofa with a rather cold, faraway look in his dark, discerning eyes, Jamie asked if he could use the telephone.

"I hate rushing off like this," he apologized, "but I'm due in San Francisco in the morning." Jamie was just through law school and mentioned something about a deposition.

To make matters worse, Celia heard him discussing the possibility of changing his ticket. And then she knew, with a soul-sickening certainty, that for all her trouble, she had lost him.

Celia's father and mother knew it, too. Celia saw the pitying glances they gave her, the look that passed between them. And then she simply couldn't . . . she couldn't bear the pretense a moment longer. Turning, she fled up the stairs.

IT was quite a while before Celia felt she could face her parents again. Jamie, of course, would be long gone. It was ungracious for her to have let him go without saying boodbye, but Celia was grateful to her parents for not calling her downstairs before he left.

She took off the blue dress, scrubbed her face clean of make-up, unpinned her hair and scooped it into a pony tail behind. Now, clad in a clean but faded cotton dress, with white nylon flats on her feet, at least she felt herself.

Neither her father nor her mother was in the living room with the television. Crossing through the dining room, she saw that the white linen cloth was still on the table. And so were the finger bowls.

From the kitchen came voices. Straightening her shoulders, readying herself for her parents' sympathy, Celia pushed open the swinging door.

The three people in the kitchen did not notice her entrance. Her mother was at the old-fashioned sink, washing dishes. Her father, minus his tuxedo jacket, was rummaging in the icebox. And Jamie—it was Jamie! and minus his coat, too, with one of Celia's faded old front aprons tied around his middle, a big white dish towel slung across one shoulder, was lounging against the high tile counter, his back toward her.

"Where're my grapes, Hattie?" Celia's father demanded. "Where'd you hide them this time?"

Celia's mother turned part way around. "In the lower cabinet there, right beside you," she told him.

(*Continued on page 343*)

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, May 1, and May 15, 1898

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE IN WAYNE STAKE: The Relief Society conference was held in the Thurber Relief Society hall. Meeting was called to order by Counselor Mary E. Hanks . . . said she desired to see the young people step forward in the Church and prayed God to bless the sisters in their labors. Loa, Thurber and Grover branches were represented by their respective presidents. Teasdale, Cainsville, Aldrich and Giles were also reported by their representatives. . . . Stake President Jane S. Coleman was pleased with the reports given and felt to thank the Lord for the everlasting Gospel. . . . At our meetings we should make choice of elevating subjects, such as virtue, charity . . . also to see that our records are kept in good condition. Spoke in very appreciative terms of what the Thurber Relief Society had accomplished. . . . Through their energy and the assistance of the brethren they have built a fine brick building. . . .

—Annie O. Coleman, Sec.

CLARA BARTON: Clara Barton has started for Cuba again with an army of women. They carry food for the starving, clothing for the naked, medicine for the sick and succor for the dying. Surely such soldiers as Red Cross women deserve to be voters!

—News Note

MOTHERS CONGRESS IN WASHINGTON, D. C.: The dispatches bring news of the Mothers Congress now in session in Washington and to which four . . . Utah women are in attendance. Hannah Sorenson, Augusta W. Grant and Hattie B. Harker, Salt Lake City, and Delia Booth of Provo.

—News Note

MARTIN LUTHER

. . . Yet this brave and gifted leader
Was tender in his love,
In his care for wife and children
He was gentle as a dove,
In his character was mingled
The stern, the fierce, the kind,
Defiant when beset by wrong,
Yet graceful and refined. . . .

—Mary A. Freeze

DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION: Our aim is high. It is to imbue our sons and daughters with the love of liberty and unity which are the greatest blessings vouchsafed a nation. Our object is to study the divine institutions of our country. To make ourselves familiar with the history of our country and with the lives of our great men and women. . . .

—Clarissa L. S. Williams

QUEEN WILHELMINA: A date in mid-September, 1898, will probably be the day upon which Queen Wilhelmina of Holland will formally take the oath of succession to the Dutch throne. No one could have shown more tact in managing affairs of state during her daughter's minority than the Queen Regent, who, like her sister, the Duchess of Albany, is a person of singularly unpretentious manners.

—News Note

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

BONARO OVERSTREET is co-author with her husband, Harry, of an excellent new book, *The Mind Goes Forth*. It calls for greater compassion, understanding, and patience toward our fellow human beings. It also comments on the tendency in colleges even in the scientific and technical schools — toward giving the liberal arts an important place in the curriculum.

BETSY SNITE, famed skier from Norwich, Vermont, won the women's slalom in the Mont Lachaux trophy meet at Crans-sur-Serre, Switzerland. She was victorious over Madelaine Chamot-Berthod of Switzerland, the 1956 Olympic women's downhill champion.

NANCY LALLY, of Woonsocket, Rhode Island, is the top teenage crocheter of the United States, according to the judges of the 1957 national crocheting contest. She was awarded a prize of $500. Her entry was a set of ten crocheted dolls.

RUTH MONTGOMERY, a reporter for the International News Service, won the 1957 George R. Holmes award for excellence in reporting. Mr. Holmes was a famed INS Washington Bureau chief, who died in 1939.

MRS. CAROLYN SCOGGINS, of Missouri, a graduate of Cordon Bleu School (for cooking) in Paris, operates a correspondence school of cooking, with suggestions added for creating top-bracket hostesses. Interesting questions and answers fly through the mail. Newlyweds, bachelors, housewives, and celebrities are among her clientele.

MRS. VADA F. CARLSON of Flagstaff, Arizona, is a writer who is particularly interested in American Indians. She was born in Nebraska near a Sioux reservation, has lived near the Klamath Indian reservation, and close to the Wind River reservation — home of the Shoshone and Arapaho tribes. She wrote, in collaboration with Mrs. Sheila Hart, *We Saw the Sun Dance*. She has also written a volume of poems, *The Desert Speaks*, and is now working with a gifted Hopi woman on a novel with authentic Hopi background.

ALICE M. ROBINSON, Director of Nursing Education, Vermont State Hospital, at Waterbury, Vermont, stresses the necessity for the feeling of love toward patients. "To be able to love even one patient with whom we work day by day in a mental hospital is assurance that that patient will begin to find the way back."

EDITORIAL

VOL. 45 MAY 1958 NO. 5

Making Right Choices

THE glorious principle of free agency allows man to attain to eternal life. It has been bestowed by an all-wise Father upon his earthly children. When a child is born, parents know that the time will come when their child will have to make his own decisions and exercise his own free agency. Fortunate is the child who is guided to make right decisions during his growing-up period.

One Saturday night when Mother was laying out Johnny's clothes for Sunday School, he declared that he wasn't going the next morning. This situation arises in many households, and different parents may meet this situation in different ways. Johnny's mother drew him close to her and spoke of the love of their Heavenly Father for them both, and the wonderful opportunities he had given to Johnny to receive a body and be able to learn more and more in this life and hereafter. Then Mother spoke of the duties that Heavenly Father had given her and Johnny's father, to rear him in light and truth. She finished by kissing Johnny and telling him that Heavenly Father had given Johnny a spirit which would tell him what was right and what was wrong. "I will leave you to decide for yourself, Johnny, whether you will go to Sunday School or not tomorrow. If you decide the right thing, you will be happy way inside, and then you will know you want to stay a part of our family. If you decide the wrong thing, the spirit will let you know because you won't feel happy way inside."

Leaving the decision to Johnny to make, with the constant home training which had preceded it, resulted in Johnny's going to Sunday School. Praise, commendation, and further training set the pattern for Johnny's attendance at Church meetings in future years, as well. He realized early that the decision to be good rested largely with him.

Jane was given a dollar by her uncle. She could hardly wait to go downtown and buy a charm bracelet she had seen in the store window marked one dollar. Mother stopped the work she was doing and reminded Jane that she owned only ninety cents of the dollar. The other ten cents belonged to Heavenly Father. "I will change the dollar for you, and you can put the ten cents in this tithing bank," Mother offered. "But then I won't be able to buy my bracelet," Jane objected. "That is true," Mother replied, "but Heavenly Father has given us everything we have, and if we will only give him back one-tenth, he will give us blessings that will last forever. And it won't be long until you can earn eleven cents by helping me, and that will give you your ten cents and one cent for your tithing bank." Jane was faced with making her own decision. "Every time you look at your bracelet, you will feel happy," Mother concluded, "because you will have made me, and

Daddy, and Heavenly Father happy, too. Here is the change of your dollar, and, if you decide to pay your tithing, put the ten cents in this bank, and run in the kitchen and let me hear it rattle." It was not long until a happy Jane was rattling the bank in her mother's ear.

There are times when decisions cannot be left to children to make, no matter how careful the home training has been, but the more a mother can place choices before her child, and influence him to make the right choice, the brighter will be the outlook for the child's future.

It is the small day-by-day decisions which form the character of an individual. Throughout one's life, temptations continue to present themselves. When a choice must be made, fortunate is the person who can recall his mother or father pointing out the advantages and disadvantages of a certain situation. The encouragement given to him as a child to make right choices and the remembered feeling of well-being which followed, condition one's conduct in later life. Then one's own reason will dictate that choice which will lead to a bright eternal fulture.

—M. C. S.

White Lilacs

Grace Zenor Pratt

. . . When I think of spring in Utah, I remember lilacs—
Lilacs white and lavender and blue. . . .
And oh, my Mother, when I think of lilacs
I remember you. . . .

The little town we lived in, the poplar trees, the crystal stream,
The brooding mountains; all my girlhood's dream
Recalls those days; I was so thoughtless then—
There were so many things I failed to do.
But through the years, my selfish heart has yearned
To show my Mother all that I have learned—
Of her true love of beauty, her great worth—
All that she gave to me while here on earth.

White lilacs. . . .
I should love to go and lay upon my Mother's grave
A great armful of scented blossoms;
She loved them so—
And somehow I still feel that she may know
I have not forgotten through the changing years,
When I would offer flowers wet with tears.

I never knew when I was young,
How aging mothers feel,
Until I, too, come close to evensong—
Kindness and love and tender sympathy to bless;
And time to comfort with a soft caress . . .
And now, I offer lilacs fragrant, white,
Before I go—
Forgive me, Mother, for at last . . . I know.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Brigham Young University Leadership Week

35TH ANNUAL "FESTIVAL OF LEARNING"—"YOUR PART IN THE FABULOUS YEARS AHEAD"

LEADERSHIP Week will be held June 23-28, 1958, on the Brigham Young University Campus, Provo, Utah. The basic goal of Leadership Week is to provide educational experiences which will help all members of the Church to become better leaders in the home, the community, and the Church.

Thoughtful people will ask what goals the United States should strive toward during the coming quarter-century. What kind of world should America be trying to bring about by 1980? What problems will be met, and with what posture will they be faced? Leadership Week 1958, "Your Part in the Fabulous Years Ahead," is less concerned with what America will be like in 1980, than with *what it should be like.*

Relief Society members have found the leadership classes of great interest and value and are looking forward to this year's program. The General Board wishes to call to the attention of Relief Society members the following classes which, in addition to many others (more than 500 classes), may be of special interest to Relief Society women:

The Doctrine and Covenants
American Literature
Latter-day Saint Family Life
Food in Our Changing World
Home Laundry
Home Nursing
Arts and Crafts for Adults
The Book of Mormon as Literature
Improvement of Teaching for Teachers of Adults
Making Your Own Audio-Visual Materials
Materials and Methods for Church Choirs
The Art of Parenthood
Looking Forward to the Golden Years
Aging in the Modern World
Writing for Church Publications
The Church Organist
Public Speaking in the Church
Family Recreation

A detailed program may be obtained by writing to Brigham Young University, Adult Education and Extension Services, Provo, Utah.

While the instructions and teachings received at Leadership Week are not the official instructions representing Relief Society, yet the material is beneficial because it will supplement and enhance understanding.

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA LEADERSHIP WEEK

Brigham Young University is also planning to hold a Leadership Week in Los Angeles, California, in August 1958. This will be of special interest to Relief Society members in Southern California.

All Out—All Ages—Polio Vaccination Roundup

Virginia L. Blood

Consultant, Women's Activities
National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis

Can Adults Get Polio?

Yes, they can and they do. Polio hits men and women, usually striking them harder than it strikes children. While polio incidence in persons over forty is relatively low, the degree of adult involvement is definitely high. Three out of four respiratory patients today are twenty years or older. Don't take a chance. Take Salk shots, whatever your age. There is plenty of vaccine available today. Ask your doctor for Salk shots for your entire family.

Are Parents Safe From Polio If Their Children Have Been Vaccinated?

No. You must be vaccinated *yourself* to be protected. A vaccinated child, or adult, still can carry the polio virus without harm to himself. But he may pass it along to others still unvaccinated and therefore still susceptible.

Are You Safe If Your Neighbors Have Been Vaccinated?

No, and for the same reason as above. If there is no polio virus in your community, you may well be safe, and think you are immune. But you cannot be sure. Your neighbor's vaccination, like your child's, cannot give you immunity. Your own personal vaccination can do that.

How Can Three Minutes Spare a Lifetime of Suffering?

It takes only one minute to get one Salk shot today. It takes another MINUTE to get a second shot from two to six weeks later. And only ONE MINUTE more for a third shot seven months after that. Three minutes taken NOW can prevent a lifetime of needless crippling. Make arrangements to start SALK shots NOW for your entire family.

"... Young Men Shall See Visions"

YOUNG men, young women — you are living in a wonderful day. No generation since the dawn of time has seen so much progress. None has faced such a future. Electricity, the steam engine, the telephone, the telegraph, the automobile, the airplane, the radio, the television, nuclear power . . . they're all products of your generation. So, in a degree never before known to man, are hidden treasures of truth now being revealed.

The prophets foresaw and foretold these days in the beautiful language of poetry and prophecy: ". . . your old men shall dream dreams, your

young men shall see visions . . . and I will shew wonders in the heaven above, and signs in the earth. . . ."

In fulfillment, a Boy Scout prepares for a merit badge test and tunes his short-wave radio to a new world of astral signals and sounds — and goes on to become a physical scientist or a designer of airplanes. He sets his sight on the stars and a globe-circling satellite is born.

An inspired teacher opens the intellect and stirs the soul of a gifted pupil — and a surge of hidden forces comes alive.

What visions! What dreams! What wonders! And for you, young men and young women of the Church, what glorious opportunities, what awesome responsibilities.

What can you do?

If you would "find wisdom and great treasures of knowledge, even hidden treasures," seek learning — by study and by faith. Keep the commandments. And with it all—

BE HONEST WITH YOURSELF

My Mother's Trust

Hannah C. Ashby

My mother's trust was like a star,
To guide my path that led afar.
She had such confidence in me,
I always felt that I was free
To make a choice without a bar.

And yet for worlds, I would not mar
That sacred tie, or leave a scar
To blemish in a slight degree
My mother's trust.

How helpful loving mothers are,
They gently leave the door ajar.
The teachings at my mother's knee
Have shaped my earthly destiny.
The greatest debt I know, is for
My mother's trust.

Recompense

Hazel M. Thomson

I carefully plucked out each gray hair,
But they returned at stepped-up pace;
Today I looked into the mirror,
And saw my mother's face.

Recipes From the Uruguayan Mission

Submitted by Louise B. Parry

Tomato Surprise—Tomates Sorpresa
(Salad)

Skin and cut the tomatoes in halves, remove seeds and pulp. Inside of each one of them, put a raw egg, taking care not to break. Add seasoning (salt and pepper). Cover with white sauce and grated cheese. Put in the oven for five minutes or until the egg is cooked.

Paradise Soup—Sopa Paraiso

eggs
4 tbsp. bread crumbs
4 tbsp. Parmesan cheese

Beat thoroughly egg whites and then add to beaten yolks. Add the bread crumbs and Parmesan cheese. Mix well and drop by spoonfuls in the bouillon, and boil for six to eight minutes.

Combined Soup—Sopa Ligada

12 c. bouillon
1½ tbsp. flour
6 tbsp. cheese
6 egg yolks

Pour into a pan the bouillon and add the flour and grated cheese. Cook well and stir constantly. In the soup bowl, beat thoroughly egg yolks and pour the bouillon over them, stirring well.

Small Meat Pies—Empanadas Criollas
(Main Dish)

Dough:

3 c. flour
2 eggs
1 tbsp. shortening
1 tsp. salt
½ c. water

Combine the flour, eggs, shortening, salt, and water. Form the dough and roll it until one-fourth inch thick. Cut in rather small squares and put one-half tablespoon of the filling in the center of each piece and fold them in half to form triangles. Build up fluted edges on each one of them.

Filling:

3 large onions
1 lb. ground beef
pepper and salt to taste
2 hard boiled eggs
raisins as desired
green olives as desired

Brown in oil or margarine the onions, finely chopped, and the ground beef. Add pepper and salt to taste. When nicely browned, add the hard boiled eggs finely chopped, raisins, and green olives as desired.

Criollo Cookies—Masitas Criollas
(Dessert)

2 eggs
½ c. sugar
¼ c. butter
2 c. flour
1 tsp. baking powder

Mix together the eggs, sugar, butter, flour, and baking powder and beat thoroughly.

Shape into small cookies and put on greased baking sheet. Sprinkle with chopped almonds and confectioner's sugar. Bake in moderate oven until nicely browned.

Tortas Fritas
(Dessert)

2 c. flour
1 tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. salt
2½ tbsp. butter
1 egg
½ c. cold water
fat for deep frying

Sift together the flour, baking powder, and salt. Cut in the butter and add the egg and water. Press dough into ball and knead until soft. Roll out on floured board to one-fourth inch thick. Cut with round cutter or a floured glass. Fry on both sides until golden brown; remove and drain on paper toweling. If desired, while still warm sprinkle with confectioner's or granulated sugar before serving. Best served while hot. These *tortas* are something like pancakes, but are for dessert.

Precious Episode

Dora Toone Brough

I held a small, soft hand in mine today—
A three-year-old. With anxious feet we went
Exploring—saw the kittens in the hay—
The cow and calf in pasture quite content.

The air was full of happy springtime signs.
We listened to the robin's chirping call—
Heard meadowlarks and picked fresh dandelions,
And climbed the fence down by the waterfall.

We counted tulips near the flagstone walk—
Saw orchards full of apple blossom smell,
And scores of questions answered in our talk
Of what, and how—so many things to tell.

A box of sand came next. We settled down
To build a castle, on a hill, as high
As grandpa's barn. We fashioned dogs, a clown,
Some pies and cakes. We caught a butterfly.

This day is precious—as when I held his hand,
Your Daddy's, and built castles in the sand.

The Finish

Frances C. Yost

TOM sat down at the breakfast table. He noticed the crisp white tablecloth, the neatly folded napkins, the pretty dishes Sally had used. Then he looked at the breakfast fare and a frown gathered on his face.

"What, cracked wheat cereal and powdered milk again . . . oh, no!" Tom shuddered, looked at Sally, and shook his head.

"I'm sorry, Tom, honest I am." Sally looked a little hurt.

"I'm not blaming you, Sally. I know you're a super cook, and if I brought home the bacon and ham and sausage and eggs and things, you'd cook them. I'm fed up on this working my way through college, and living like . . . like this, and I'm quitting and getting a job!"

"Tom, you can't quit now. Why it's already March, and you only have until June. We can stick it out, honest we can!" Sally said encouragingly.

"What's a degree in pharmacy if it means you and Donny and Sally Lynn have to suffer?"

"Nobody's suffered, Tom. Why I took Sally Lynn and Donny to the well-child clinic yesterday, and they're gaining steadily. I guess I've skimped on your food, rather than theirs," Sally spoke apologetically.

"I've weighed the problem, and I'm quitting," Tom said as he sugared his cereal and poured the powdered milk over it and started to chew and swallow his food with no outward sign of enjoyment.

Sally didn't feel like eating now. She just sat at the table and watched Tom. She had been pretty proud of the way she had managed, and Tom hadn't had one of these outbursts for a long time. She felt the tears gathering. She hoped she could hold off her cry until he left their little campus apartment.

But Tom had seen her. "Don't take it so personal, Sally. A fellow's got to pop off someplace. I guess home isn't the proper place to do it, though, and, especially, when a pretty wife has set a pretty breakfast table. But, Sally, let's face it, you've been managing on practically nothing too long. I'm going to give up and get a job and support my family decently. Monday morning I'm handing in my papers and quitting school!"

"But, Tom, we can manage on your . . . your job," Sally implored.

"Say it, Sally, on my garbage collecting job. I'm not only tired of seeing you skimp, I'm tired of getting up at 4:30 every morning and collecting garbage, and eating powdered milk. A degree isn't worth it. This is the finish!"

Sally Lynn, sleeping close by in the crib, started to cry. Sally picked her up, put her over her shoulder, and patted her little back comfortingly. She had to comfort Tom, too. Somehow she had to keep him going . . . put him through.

"Let's go see your grandmother today, Tom. It's Saturday and you need a change."

"Sally, must I point out to you, the car doesn't run without gas?" Tom ejaculated.

"I have five dollars saved for

an emergency, and I think this is it," Sally said cheerfully. "Granny's getting old, Tom. She won't be here too long." Under her breath she said, "If anyone can cheer Tom up, Granny Crocket can."

* * * * *

"WELL, bless my soul!" Granny Crockett said, as she held the door open and welcomed Tom and Sally. "My, I'm glad you brought the kiddies!"

"We take them most places, Granny. It saves sitter money!" Sally smiled, as she took off the children's wraps and dropped into the comfortable rocking chair Granny Crocket offered.

"I never could figure why they started calling people who tend children 'sitters.' I've been tending children for more than sixty years, off and on, and I've never been able to sit long." Granny chuckled. "You should bring little Donny and Sally Lynn here to me, and let me tend them while you two go on a little vacation after you get your degree, Tom."

"I'm not going to get the degree, Granny," Tom said determinedly. "Monday morning I'm turning in my books and finding a job and. . . ."

"Not finish, oh, no, Tom! You'll regret it as long as you live. Just as I have." Granny Crocket shook her head.

"I didn't know you went to college, Granny," Tom said, interested. "Tell us about it."

"Well, it wasn't called college. It had been a fort, and was later converted into a place of learning just east of Beaver City. It was called the Murdock Academy. We had excellent teachers, Brother Maeser taught there, and dear old Alfred Durham was the music teacher. My older brother Wilford and I traveled from Fillmore and had a couple of rooms in one of those lovely old brick houses. Our apartment was rather plain compared to modern living, but we managed, and we had fun and did a lot of good, down-to-earth learning."

"That's where you met Grandpa Lee, wasn't it?" Tom asked.

He liked to get Granny talking about the good old days. Her eyes lighted up with happy memories. The years seemed to slip from her shoulders and she was youthful again.

"Yes, Grandpa Lee often said that the day I walked into the classroom he looked up and saw me, and turned to his friend at his side and said, 'That's my girl!' 'What's her name?' the student asked him. 'I don't know,' Grandpa Lee replied, 'I haven't met her yet.' "

"Must have been love at first sight," Tom chuckled.

"Well, Grandpa Lee always figured it was more than that. He said it was just as if he had known me in the spirit world." Granny Crockett's voice had a sacred tone.

"Tell us about your college days, Granny." Tom coaxed.

"I told you brother Wilford and I lived together and kept house. People lived in families more then. Nowadays girls and boys live in separate dormitories and have their food all prepared for them. Well, Wilford and I did our own cooking. We brought lots of good food from our home in Fillmore, and we man-

aged quite well. But when winter set in, the roads were bad and Pa couldn't get down and bring us more flour and cereal and canned fruits and vegetables and things. And our money was gone and. . . ." Granny took a hanky from her pocket, and wiped her eyes and apologized. "I haven't related this often, and never without a tear or two," but she continued bravely.

"WHEN we saw the food getting low, we did ration, we cut out one meal a day completely, and we skimped and tried to manage, but try as we would, the food ran out except for potatoes." Granny paused.

"Well, you can do a lot with potatoes." Sally smiled.

"Yes, if you have something to go with them. But toward the last we had no lard to fry them, no butter to put on them, no milk or meat to make gravy, just plain boiled potatoes . . . for days just boiled potatoes. It looked like the finish."

"Why didn't you ask for help? Why didn't you go to the store and get credit?" Tom asked.

"Wilford did humble himself and go to the store and ask for credit, but in those days things were strictly cash, more than now."

"Why didn't you tell Grandpa Lee your troubles?" Tom asked.

"Grandpa Lee has often asked me that same question." Granny Crockett smiled. "But I guess it was pride that kept us silent. My brother Wilford was his best chum, too, but neither of us breathed a word, not to one single soul.

"Then the week end came, and Grandpa Lee invited Wilford to go home with him. Grandpa Lee lived on a lovely beef ranch just a short way from the college. I begged and begged Wilford to accept the invitation and go. He was a big fellow with a growing-boy appetite. It was harder for him than for me to . . . to go without."

Tom and Sally found they, too, had pulled out their handkerchiefs and were wiping their eyes.

Then Granny Crocket continued: "That was such a good chance for Wilford. It meant a whole week-end of good eating. It meant roasts and gravy, vegetables and fruit, cool milk and rich cream on the cereal for breakfast, and good desserts like carrot pudding and vinegar pie. But dear old Wilford was too . . . too loyal to go and leave me. He turned that wonderful invitation down. He said he had to cram for tests."

"What did you do? Did the supplies get through from your own folks?" Tom asked.

"No, the supplies didn't come, and the mail didn't get through, either. We had hoped every day for something from Pa or Ma, but nothing came. We just went on eating boiled potatoes. Finally, I couldn't look a potato in the face. That's the honest truth. I sort of started just living on water.

"IT was the next week end that Grandpa Lee asked me to go home with him. It was a big temptation. I would have said 'yes' too quickly to be polite, but then I remembered Wilford who had sacrificed the same chance for me only a week before. I started to say, I had to study, but Wilford came along and said, 'Of course she'll go with you, Lee.'

"Somehow I just had to be loyal

as my brother, even if I died, so I said, 'But I have to cook for Wilford!'

"'Cook for me, that's a laugh!' Wilford said. 'She'll have her clothes packed the minute school's out!'

"It was a wonderful trip in the old whitetop buggy. If I hadn't been so hungry, it might have been romantic. I wasn't thinking so much about being with my best boy friend and meeting his folks as I was thinking about what his mother might cook.

"Grandpa Lee was the youngest of ten children, and his mother always cooked things special for him when he came home Friday nights. As we jogged along he wondered what his mother would have cooked up. And my mouth watered just listening to him. I remember so well how we drove into the lane and his folks came out to meet us. Soon as we were in the house and had our wraps off, Lee's father said: 'Now Ma's fixing an early supper but, while we're waiting, have a glass of Ma's grapejuice.'

"I was glad for anything offered me. But I had no more finished the grapejuice than the stairway at one end of the big living room started going around, and then I fainted completely away.

"It didn't take your Grandpa Lee's mother long to find out what was ailing me. She was of pioneer stock and had been through life's mill herself. She fed me well and loaded the buggy with all kinds of supplies for Wilford and me to start housekeeping properly again."

"How long did you go to school at the Academy?" Tom asked.

"That's what I started out to tell you. I didn't finish. I married Grandpa Lee. We stayed on at the Academy, however. Grandpa Lee was taken on as the shop instructor, teaching woodwork. So, instead of being a student, I became one of the faculty member's wives.

"Now, Tom, I want you to go on and finish, as I didn't. I want you to take this dab of money as a gift from me. You know, Tom, I'd like to be a little part of the finish with you." Granny Crocket winked.

Tom looked at the crisp ten-dollar bill Granny Crockett had extended to him. An hour ago he wouldn't have been too proud to take a ten-dollar bill from anyone. But now he looked into her sparkling blue eyes and said, "Granny, I appreciate your thinking of me, but honest fact, we're getting along just fine. Why you should see what a pretty table Sally manages to set. We have cereal and milk, and most everything we need. And look at Sally Lynn and Donny. Why, only yesterday, Sally took them to the well-child clinic and they're gaining right along."

But Tom's speech hadn't fooled old Granny Crocket. "Tom, when a smart fellow like you talks about not finishing college, it's the lack of money that's behind the talk. Take it!"

"Granny Crocket, just talking to you has made me change my mind about quitting school. So you buy yourself a new bonnet with this money and be to the graduation exercises in June. When they hand me my degree, I want you there to be part of the finish!"

You Can Sew—III. Fitting

Jean Ridges Jennings

CLOTHES may or may not make the woman, but the woman who makes her own clothes will feel considerably better about doing it, if she knows how properly to fit them.

Regardless of how well the actual stitching is done, a dress will not look well nor feel comfortable unless it fits the person who wears it. More and more women and girls are learning to fit dresses to themselves. With patience and knowledge of a few details, it can be done quite easily. It is a real convenience and time-saver, if one doesn't need to wait for help in making clothes.

Care in fitting is richly rewarded. The well-fitted dress looks well. It feels easy and comfortable, yet is snug enough to have the look of belonging to its wearer. It does not have to endure unnecessary pulls and strains.

A dress that fits well brings out the good points of the wearer and hides the poor ones. Following are some points to watch in fitting clothes:

1. Always fit clothes right side out for accuracy and proper symmetry.

2. Be sure to retain the direction of the grain of the material that was obtained by careful cutting. Crosswise threads are parallel to the floor at center front and back bust line and hip line. Lengthwise threads on the sleeve cap lie in the direction of the arm when it hangs straight. Center front and center back lines should be perfectly straight and perpendicular to the floor (Figure 1).

3. Underarm waist seams and skirt seams should hang straight down — not swinging to the back or front (Figure 2). The waistline seam should appear straight around the figure.

4. Fitting should always be done over the same clothes that will be worn with the dress.

5. Do not fit too snugly. Allow room for walking, sitting, and moving the arms. Figure faults are more noticeable when clothes are too tight.

6. Do not trim the neckline or armhole without first marking a line and being sure it is right. If they seem snug, it is often because of the seam allowance, which will be taken up in the seam.

7. Keep the dress on a hanger when you are not working on it. This prevents many wrinkles and saves unnecessary pressing. It also gives bias sections a chance to sag into their natural shapes.

One of the commonest mistakes made by beginning sewers is that of sewing in the darts before fitting. This is entirely wrong. The darts are used to take up fullness and to shape sections to the individual figure. Thus they are one of the important fitting points on a dress and must be adjusted to personal needs. When you use darts, try different places until you get a smooth, becoming line.

Front shoulder darts remove wrinkles from the shoulder down to the bust and should be directed toward the full part of the bust. Back shoulder darts from the shoulder seams give ease across the back. They improve the fit on a round-shouldered person. Underarm and waistline darts in the blouse give needed ease and fullness and should always point to the full part of the bust. They may be shortened or lengthened to fit the individual and should end where bust fullness starts.

Skirt darts from the waistline in the skirt back or front make for smoothness between the hip and a

snug waistline. Do not space back skirt darts too far apart on a large figure. Elbow darts properly located give elbow room and hold fullness in the right place. Bend the elbow and place darts at elbow point.

Every woman soon learns the easiest plan for her to follow in fitting a dress, but a few suggestions may help.

Pin and baste as much as is necessary before the first fitting.

Fit blouse and skirt at the same time to get a proper idea of how they will hang. When fitting a skirt, fit it to the band, pinned around the waist.

Before doing any actual fitting, study the general effect of all sides of the dress in a full-length mirror. Decide what is good and what needs changing. In making needed changes be sure to keep grain lines straight throughout the entire fitting.

Space does not permit a detailed discussion of all fitting problems. Special help is always available in excellent sewing manuals found in pattern departments and book stores.

When you work alone, it may help to compare measurements with those of a dress that fits well. Take note of any fitting problems you have, and anticipate them when cutting out your next dress.

Remember that the properly fitted dress is comfortable when the wearer stands, sits, or moves around. It is snug where fashion demands, but never feels tight or strained.

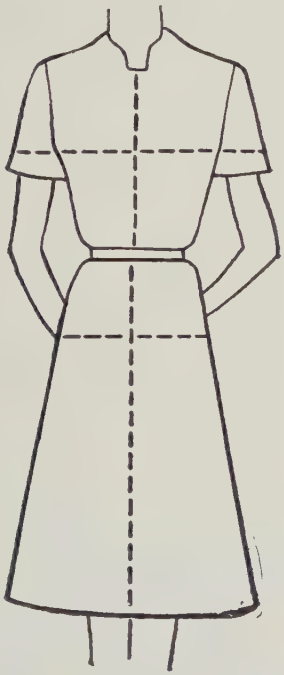

Figure 1

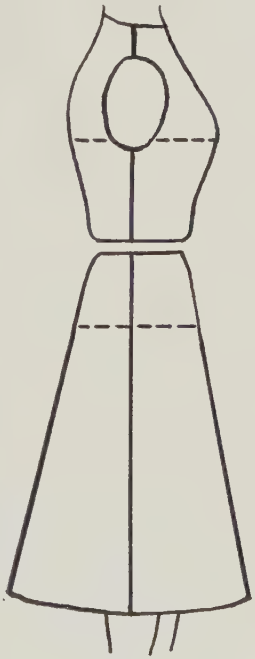

Figure 2

Elizabeth's Children

Olive W. Burt

Chapter 5

Synopsis: Carol Wilson, an artist on the staff of a magazine edited by Brent Gibson, went to a ranch in Wyoming to attend the funeral of her sister Elizabeth. She felt a deep sympathy for the motherless children, and later, after her return to her work, she decided to go back to the children. However, she found them well cared for by their grandmother and an efficient housekeeper. Fred, Carol's brother-in-law, had become interested in a kindly neighbor, Dolly Graham, and Dolly's brother Tony believed himself to be in love with Carol.

BRENT Gibson bent a carefully scrutinizing look upon Carol as he greeted her after her two weeks' rest in Wyoming.

"You still look well!" he declared. "Real well. You know, I've been rather worried. No letters, no phone calls, nothing! I thought maybe you'd found some handsome young Wyoming rancher and had forgotten all about *Your Home Magazine*."

Carol, feeling lighthearted now that she was back in the city, ready to go to work again, laughed. The rest must have done her good, for she felt like teasing this matter-of-fact boss of hers.

"I did!" she said, her eyes twinkling. "I did find a handsome young rancher, Tony Muir, just back from a mission to England and. . . ."

"Looking for a wife!" Brent said crossly. "They all do."

The bantering tone left Carol's voice. She asked soberly, "Did you, Brent, when you returned from South America?"

He hesitated a moment and then said, "Yes."

Surprised a little at the short answer, Carol looked more closely at her companion. His face betrayed nothing. She couldn't help asking, "What happened?"

He shrugged. "She married someone else. That's all."

Instant sympathy softened Carol's voice. "I'm sorry, Brent."

"I'm not," he said firmly. "I'm not, Carol. I've learned a lot since that bygone day. I've learned that, while a man's first young love is very sweet and compelling, it is as nothing compared to the overwhelming tenderness that comes later. Though he may never gain his heart's desire, that later love is so enriching, so rewarding, in itself, that it is an experience not to be missed."

He stopped abruptly, then went on in a businesslike tone. "The car's over here, Carol. And as we drive to the office, I want to fill you in on this Maybelle Ray deal. As I told you on the phone, it's a bright red feather in our cap to get a story from her. I had to pay plenty, but it's a gorgeous story. And you can do the crowing, for she sent her story to me because she wanted you to illustrate it. That was her one condition."

Carol listened, but not with her heart. Her heart was busy with the hidden chapter in Brent's life that this short lecture had disclosed. That later love he spoke about—it

must be for the same person as his first young passion. She had never heard, in her years of working with him, of any serious affair—of anyone who might have stirred him deeply. And he had said, "Though he never gain his heart's desire."

She stole a sidewise glance at her companion, and felt a wave of tenderness for him. He was not what most people would call handsome, but he had firm, regular features and the kindest eyes and mouth she had ever seen. The girl must have been blind not to see his worth. How many men would cherish a lost love—nurse it into a rewarding and enriching factor in their lives?

"You're not hearing a thing I say!" Brent complained, grinning ruefully. "Mooning over that handsome returned missionary, I bet."

Carol smiled. "If you only knew!"

THE new serial was, as Brent had said, a gorgeous story. It had everything that would lend itself to the type of painting Carol excelled in. As she read the manuscript, her imagination caught at scene after scene that would make vivid, compelling pictures, and her fingers curled, almost feeling the brush between them. She could scarcely wait to get started.

But it was to prove less exciting and easy than she had anticipated. The author, Maybelle Ray, nationally famous and thoroughly convinced of her tremendous importance, came to the city to oversee the job of illustrating. She had her own ideas of what the illustrations should be, and she did not hesitate to make them known. Day after day she came to Carol's studio, watched for awhile, and then began to find fault with Carol's interpretation of action and character and even of background. Carol's nerves began to suffer.

Once, losing patience, Carol asked sharply, "I thought you wanted *me* to do these pictures?"

"I do, darling!" Maybelle replied sweetly, "but only because I feel sure that you can do them the way I want them done!"

Taken aback, Carol felt like resigning from the job. It wasn't her creative ability the author wanted; she just wanted a brush she could control — an educated brush, but a submissive one! Carol gritted her teeth and went on, doggedly.

And then, suddenly, she came to the end of her patience. She stormed into Brent's office one afternoon after a long morning with the irritating author.

"I'm giving up!" she cried, almost in tears. "I don't want the assignment. I can't take it any more, Brent! I simply cannot take it any longer!"

"Steady, Carol!" he said gently. "And don't cry, please! Nothing about your job is worth one little tear." He had got up and come around the desk, taking her shoulders in his strong hands.

His voice, his hands, calmed her. She smiled wryly, moved away, and sat down.

"I guess I sounded like a hysterical child," she admitted. "But I've had a horrible morning." Then she went on quietly to describe Maybelle's interference with her work.

"It's an unpleasant situation," he admitted, "but a bit ticklish, too. That story, Carol — I want to publish it. It's the best thing that has

ever come across my desk. And with your illustrations, honey, we'll put the magazine right out in front of the world."

"But you'll never have my illustrations if she keeps on heckling me!"

"You told me you'd already finished a couple. . . ."

"I had, trying to suit Maybelle. But then, after awhile when I looked at them they were so terrible — they just made me sick — so I scrapped them." She flung out her hands, palms up, in a helpless gesture. "I haven't a thing done, really."

Brent, back in his chair behind his desk, tapped a pencil against his teeth, considering. Then he put the pencil down with one decisive movement and said, "All right, Carol. I'll put a stop to this. Tonight we'll move you, bag and baggage, into that little empty room upstairs here. And you'll do those illustrations, without let or hindrance — and just the way you want to do them. And when our dear Maybelle comes howling at my door to find out where you are, I'll simply tell her there were too many distractions in your studio, and you've had to get away by yourself to get the job done. And I won't tell her where you are. Okay?"

Carol nodded. "I guess that's the only solution, Brent. But what if she's dissatisfied when they are all done?"

"She's not going to see them until they appear in their proper places—in the pages of *Your Home Magazine*. And that is very definitely that! Now, you go back home and rest this afternoon, and I'll be around about eight to take you to dinner. After dinner, we'll move you upstairs. I'll have the custodian get the room ready by then."

DUE to the delay caused by Maybelle Ray's interference, Carol had to work extra hard and for long hours in order to get the work done by the deadline Brent had set. And the cramped, hot little room was an unpleasant change from her own light and airy studio. But Carol was an artist who took almost as much pride in meeting a deadline as she did in the excellence of her work. So, though she felt utterly exhausted at each day's end, she didn't complain to Brent. She just kept doggedly on, often even forgetting her discomfort in the joy of creating. For the story was a satisfying one, and the work of putting it into figures, instead of words, challenged every ounce of her creative ability.

When she laid the last of the illustrations on Brent's desk, she rubbed her hand tiredly across her forehead, and noticed that it was midsummer and dreadfully hot. She had a sudden, clear vision of the cool blue of the Tetons, frosted with snow.

She had not forgotten Tony's urgent invitation, though, isolated in her new little office, she had not received any calls from him. She had picked up her mail at her apartment, letters from the children and from Tony. And she had telephoned to the youngsters from time to time. But now she wanted to keep that promise of sorts. She wanted to get away to the serenity and peace of the mountains.

"I know I had two weeks early this spring," she said to Brent, "but I'm awfully tired, Brent. If there's

(*Continued on page 340*)

Mollie McClain Boel Enjoys Lifelong Hobbies

MOLLIE McClain Boel, Provo, Utah, began piecing quilts when she was eight years old. In 1933 one of her quilts was displayed in a store window in Provo as the grand prize winner in *The Provo Herald*'s Noah's Ark Quilting Contest. Now, at the age of eighty, Mrs. Boel still enjoys her quiltmaking hobby as much as her eyesight will permit. She has added many more handwork hobbies to her long list of accomplishments. She has crocheted hundreds of useful and beautiful articles; she is skilled in embroidery work; her braided rugs have won much praise for their excellent design and workmanship.

As a convert to the Church, Mollie McClain came to Utah from Georgia in 1905. She married Pierre Christian Boel, who died in 1918, leaving Mrs. Boel with three young sons to rear, the eldest only seven years of age. Two of these sons are now ward bishops. Mrs. Boel has thirteen grandchildren who love to visit in her home. She lives alone and does all her own housework. She has been a Relief Society visiting teacher for thirty years.

Forsythia

Grace Ingles Frost

Forsythia with golden bells
Is ringing in the spring,
To help green thumbs of nature
To transform everything.

Forsythia is the first bloom,
Its loveliness to fling
Through springtime's filmy gossamer,
And bells of beauty ring.

Magazine Honor Roll For 1957

Counselor Marianne C. Sharp

THE General Board congratulates all those responsible for the record of *Magazine* subscriptions made during 1957. In spite of the necessity of raising the price to $2, as of August 1957, still the number of subscriptions reached an all-time high of 150,988 — with an increase of 2,426 number of subscriptions over 1956.

The substantial increase attests the devotion of *Magazine* representatives — representatives who walked through storms to obtain renewals so that no issue would be lost by subscribers; representatives who called on newcomers and who in addition to selling them a subscription, let them know that Relief Society was vitally interested in their welfare; sisters who, although homebound, made telephone contacts for *Magazine* representatives; representatives who used their own cars to reach the sisters living far away; representatives who returned two and three times to a home to obtain a subscription. These and other services were performed by ward and branch *Magazine* representatives who honored and magnified their callings. Stake and mission *Magazine* representatives spent many hours in giving vital suggestions at union meetings, giving training in salesmanship, keeping *Magazine* records for the stake or mission, and enthusing and encouraging ward and branch representatives.

The General Board attaches great significance to the calling of a *Magazine* representative. It is an unselfish service of great benefit to Relief Society throughout the world. Presidencies who support their *Magazine* representatives also contribute to the well-being of Relief Society through having their sisters subscribe to the *Magazine*.

Why is the *Magazine* vital to the work of Relief Society? It is a messenger which carries the spirit of Relief Society into every home it enters. It instructs on new policies and rules and sets forth in both print and pictures the activities and programs of this world-wide sisterhood. It records the history of Relief Society. It teaches approved, outlined courses of study to bring mental and spiritual development and progression. *The Relief Society Magazine* brings joy to readers through creative writings of poetry and prose by Latter-day Saint women. It suggests ways of improving homemaking and ties together the sisterhood of the Church. It indeed seems an essential part of Relief Society and the work of the sisters of the Church.

For the eleventh consecutive year, South Los Angeles leads the stakes of the Church with a percentage of 251%. South Gate Ward of South Los Angeles Stake again leads the wards with 520%. The Central States Mission leads the missions with 113%, with Northern California just 1% less. The Central States Mission also has the highest district—West Kansas District with 163%, and the highest mission branch, Oklahoma City Branch with 350%.

There are eighty-eight stakes

whose percentage is 100% or over; there are 220 stakes on the honor roll; and twenty stakes in which all the wards achieved 100% or over. There are 1,854 wards on the honor roll. There are sixteen missions on the honor roll in 1957 and 559 branches.

Ever since 1872 the women of the Church have had their own publication, and over the years the work of placing the publication in the homes of Latter-day Saint women has been entrusted to faithful sisters who have willingly accepted this strenuous and exacting but satisfying call. Today *The Relief Society Magazine* representatives give unselfishly of their time, of their talents, and of themselves to further their important work for Relief Society. The General Board extends its heartfelt thanks to them, the presidencies, and to the subscribers who help make a publication for women a continued reality in the Church.

Honors for Highest Ratings

Stake

South Los Angeles (California) 251%
Magazine Representative—Edna C. Stoutsenberger

Ward

South Gate Ward, South Los Angeles Stake (California) 520%
Magazine Representative—Eva Guynn

Mission

Central States Mission—113%
Mission Relief Society President—May E. J. Dyer

Mission District

West Kansas District, Central States Mission—163%
Magazine Representative—Helen J. Ryan

Mission Branch

Oklahoma City Branch—350%
West Oklahoma District, Central States Mission
Magazine Representative—Gertrude Russell

Ten Highest Percentages in Stakes

South Los Angeles	251	Edna C. Stoutsenberger
Glendale	182	Elsie Weber
Provo	140	Flora Buggert
Oquirrh	140	Helen D. Jensen
Inglewood	136	Janet C. Medina
Santa Monica	134	Kathleen Savage
Rexburg	128	Beth Moore
Burley	128	Ione Church
Long Beach	124	Silva Mahnken
Burbank	122	Edith L. McKenny

Missions Achieving Ten Highest Percentages

Central States	113	May E. J. Dyer
Northern California	112	Hazel S. Love
Western States	107	Grace R. Gardner
California	99	Alta H. Taylor
Eastern States	97	Florence S. Jacobsen
West Central States	96	Anna C. Merrill
Canadian	90	Leah H. Lewis
Gulf States	85	Emma A. Hanks
North Central States	84	Diana F. Child
Western Canadian	84	Annie Ruth Larson

Ten Stakes With Highest Number of Subscriptions

	No. Subscriptions		No. Subscriptions
South Los Angeles	2881	Bountiful	923
Glendale	1195	North Idaho Falls	911
San Diego	1084½	Wells	911
Ensign	965	North Davis	910½
South Salt Lake	929	Highland	889

Ten Missions With Highest Number of Subscriptions

	No. Subscriptions		No. Subscriptions
Central States	1223	Western States	898
Southern States	1067	West Central States	835
Eastern States	1065	Northwestern States	768
Great Lakes	1018	California	708
Central Atlantic States	970	British	628

Stakes in Which All the Wards Achieved 100% or Over

Burbank	Edith L. McKenny	Oquirrh	Helen D. Jensen
Burley	Ione Church	Orange County	Mabel M. Martin
East Long Beach	Margaret Bryan	Pasadena	Vera Jean N. Jones
East Sharon	Edna M. Hansen	Pocatello	Esther H. Hanks
Glendale	Elsie Weber	St. Joseph	Nira P. Lee
Inglewood	Janet C. Medina	Shelley	Merle Young
Las Vegas	Lila H. Leavitt	South Box Elder	Naomi P. Larkin
Liberty	Katherine H. McOmie	South Los Angeles	Edna C. Stoutsenberger
Long Beach	Silva Mahnken	West Boise	Myrtle B. Oborn
Monument Park West	Hazel S. Robison	West Pocatello	Ione G. Slayden

Mission Percentages on Honor Roll

Central States	113	Canadian	90	South Africa	82
Northern California	112	Gulf States	85	Central Atlantic	82
Western States	107	North Central States	84	Southern States	80
California	99	Western Canadian	84	Great Lakes	79
Eastern States	97	New England	83	Northwestern States	78
West Central	96				

Stakes by Percentages

South Los Angeles	251	Liberty	104	North Seattle	96
Glendale	182	Malad	104	Big Horn	95
Provo	140	Cottonwood	104	San Jose	95
Oquirrh	140	South Salt Lake	103	Reno	95
Inglewood	136	Grand Junction	103	Rose Park	95
Santa Monica	134	North Davis	103	New Orleans	94
Rexburg	128	Bonneville	103	San Juan	94
Burley	128	Los Angeles	103	North Rexburg	94
Long Beach	124	Mt. Rubidoux	103	Star Valley	94
Burbank	122	Granite	102	Butte	94
Las Vegas	119	Reseda	102	Temple View	94
New York	118	Idaho Falls	102	South Ogden	93
San Joaquin	117	East Mesa	102	Hayward	93
Boise	116	Spanish Fork	102	North Box Elder	93
Covina	114	Pasadena	101	Washington	92
Shelley	114	Woodruff	101	East Provo	92
San Diego	114	Sevier	101	Idaho	92
Orange County	113	East Phoenix	101	Cache	91
Monument Park	112	Grant	101	Portneuf	91
Holladay	111	Seattle	101	San Fernando	91
North Pocatello	111	Southern Arizona	101	Tucson	91
North Idaho Falls	111	Mt. Graham	101	Maricopa	91
Portland	110	Salt Lake	101	Weiser	91
Kansas City	110	Tacoma	101	Cedar	91
Nyssa	110	Wells	100	Franklin	91
Sacramento	110	Columbia River	100	East Los Angeles	90
Humboldt	109	North Jordan	100	Nebo	90
South Idaho Falls	109	South Bear River	100	Flagstaff	90
Bountiful	109	American Falls	100	Chicago	89
Monument Pk. West	108	Highland	100	Wilford	89
East Long Beach	108	Rigby	100	Gooding	89
East Sharon	108	Great Falls	100	Murray	89
San Bernardino	108	Lake View	100	Uvada	89
Calgary	107	Wasatch	100	South Summit	88
Minidoka	107	Yellowstone	99	Riverdale	88
West Boise	107	Mill Creek	99	Mt. Jordan	88
Bear River	107	Park	98	St. Johns	88
Gridley	106	Uintah	98	Salmon River	88
Pocatello	106	Nampa	98	Detroit	88
Redondo	106	Bannock	98	Timpanogos	87
West Pocatello	106	San Mateo	98	Mesa	87
Union	106	Ashley	98	University	87
West Utah	105	North Tooele	98	Denver	87
Bakersfield	105	Oakland-Berkeley	97	Lethbridge	87
San Francisco	105	East Mill Creek	97	Sharon	87
South Box Elder	105	Zion Park	97	Kolob	87
Taylorsville	105	Ensign	97	Millard	87
Blackfoot	105	Cassia	97	Kanab	87
St. Joseph	104	Emigration	97	St. George	87
Atlanta	104	Phoenix	97	Springville	86
Sugar House	104	Palmyra	96	Tooele	86
Valley View	104	Young	96	Murray South	86
Taylor	104	Ogden	96	Benson	86
Twin Falls	104	East Rigby	96	Deseret	86

Missoula	86	Ben Lomond	82	Canyon Rim	74
Palo Alto	85	Florida	82	Parowan	74
Teton	85	Mt. Ogden	82	Richland	74
Grantsville	85	Duchesne	82	Hillside	74
Moapa	85	Juab	82	Willamette	74
Mt. Logan	85	Montpelier	82	Honolulu	73
Raft River	85	Weber	81	Panguitch	73
Grand Coulee	85	Walnut Creek	81	Santaquin-Tintic	73
Snowflake	85	North Weber	81	Layton	73
Riverside	85	Santa Rosa	81	Fresno	72
East Cache	85	Logan	80	Klamath	72
North Sevier	84	Midvale	80	Orem	71
Pioneer	84	East Ogden	80	San Luis Obispo	71
Alberta	84	Dallas	79	Santa Barbara	71
East Jordan	84	San Luis	79	Lyman	70
Wayne	84	North Sanpete	79	Gunnison	69
El Paso	84	Lost River	78	Houston	69
Oneida	84	South Sevier	78	Cannon	68
Utah	84	Nevada	78	South Carolina	68
South Blackfoot	84	Summit	77	Juarez	68
Alpine	83	Smithfield	77	South Sanpete	67
Bear Lake	83	Spokane	77	Lake Mead	66
Carbon	83	Lehi	77	Emery	65
North Carbon	83	Beaver	76	Blaine	64
West Jordan	83	Davis	76	Moroni	58
Roosevelt	83	Hyrum	76	Virginia	58
North Sacramento	83	Lorin Farr	76	Oahu	47
Garfield	83	Morgan	76	Brigham Young University (Limited Participation)	
South Davis	83	Farr West	75		

MISSIONS ON THE HONOR ROLL—1957

Relief Society	Enrolment	Subscriptions No.	Subscriptions Pct.	Magazine Representative
California	715	708	99	Alta H. Taylor
Canadian	620	560	90	Leah H. Lewis
Central Atlantic States	1189	970	82	Lovell W. Smith
Central States	1085	1223	113	May E. Dyer
Eastern States	1101	1065	97	Florence S. Jacobsen
Great Lakes	1288	1018	79	Vonda H. Christensen
Gulf States	572	485	85	Emma A. Hanks
New England	665	552	83	Alberta S. Baker
North Central States	581	490	84	Diana F. Child
Northern California	477	536	112	Hazel S. Love
Northwestern States	981	768	78	Effie K. Driggs
South Africa	228	188	82	Holly W. Fisher
Southern States	1334	1067	80	Lucile Bunker
West Central States	873	835	96	Anna C. Merrill
Western States	840	898	107	Grace R. Gardner
Western Canadian	667	559	84	Annie Ruth Larson

STAKES ON HONOR ROLL—1957

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative
Alberta	665	561	84	Lenore S. McNaughton
Alpine	998	833	83	Della M. Spafford
American Falls	336	336	100	Enid W. Thornton
Ashley	463	451½	98	Maryetta Wardle
Atlanta	286	298	104	Lucille K. Brown
Bakersfield	526	554	105	Virginia C. Hodson
Bannock	368	360	98	Ida Sorenson
Bear Lake	514	429	83	Jean P. Budge
Bear River	496	530	107	Lottie R. Potter
Beaver	522	399	76	Beulah Wood
Ben Lomond	521	429	82	Margaret Read
Benson	591	506	86	R. Faye Peterson
Big Horn	900	856	95	Christine Harvey
Blackfoot	560	587	105	Vera Fullmer
Boise	436	504½	116	Della P. Means
Bonneville	794	818	103	Melvira H. Barlow
Bountiful	850	923	109	Eunice H. Van Orden
Burbank	572	696	122	Edith L. McKenny
Burley	640	816	128	Ione Church
Butte	394	369	94	Harriet Millecam
Cache	588	537	91	Alice D. Griffin
Calgary	417	448	107	Shirley Rogers
Carbon	738	615	83	Gertrude W. Edwards
Cassia	316	307	97	Claudia Martin
Cedar	654	593	91	Venice W. Prince
Chicago	495	443	89	Florence G. Andrew
Columbia River	633	634½	100	Viola Hackett
Cottonwood	371	384	104	Mabel R. Baker
Covina	627	717	114	Helen G. Baxter
Dallas	559	441½	79	Opal Burch
Davis	870	659	76	Sarah B. Strong
Denver	948	824	87	Bernice H. Brown
Deseret	759	649½	86	Alpha Nielson
Detroit	369	323	88	Nora J. Souter
Duchesne	432	354	82	Ora Holgate
East Cache	719	608	85	Ines B. Bergeson
East Jordan	450	378½	84	Vera Cowley
East Long Beach	747	807	108	Margaret Bryan
East Los Angeles	962	869	90	Florence Vance
East Mesa	707	721	102	Elva M. Brown
East Millcreek	298	290	97	Johann Hollingworth
East Ogden	659	524½	80	Vivian Cantwell
East Phoenix	593	598	101	Cora L. Mack
East Provo	575	527	92	Jane S. Watkins
East Rigby	584	559	96	Dale Burtenshaw
East Sharon	381	411	108	Edna M. Hansen
El Paso	387	324	84	Lola P. Wiley
Emigration	463	447½	97	Adeline Jensen
Ensign	992	965	97	Anna W. Fox
Farr West	606	456	75	Lila J. Lutz
Flagstaff	344	310	90	Barbara Cline
Florida	468	385	82	Gertie Mae Keller
Franklin	759	687	91	Phyllis W. Kingsford
Garfield	276	228	83	Lula Neilson
Glendale	657	1195	182	Elsie Weber
Gooding	524	467	89	Hazel Pratt
Grand Coulee	528	448	85	Amy Kent
Grand Junction	403	416	103	Zelda D. Broadhead
Granite	643	658	102	Wilma D. Wetzel

STAKES ON HONOR ROLL—1957

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative
Grant	795	801¾	101	Eliza G. King
Grantsville	464	395	85	Ruth W. Rydalch
Great Falls	265	264	100	Rachel Robison
Gridley	520	553	106	Lila M. Holdaway
Hayward	460	427	93	Agnes M. Nelson
Highland	889	889	100	Leone Wade
Holladay	703	781½	111	Florence G. Blodgett
Humboldt	188	205	109	Jeanene Dannen
Hyrum	686	519	76	Angeline Smith
Idaho	394	361	92	Jennie S. Gilbert
Idaho Falls	650	664	102	Erma W. Boyce
Inglewood	531	723	136	Janet C. Medina
Juab	507	415	82	Alligee L. Anderson
Kanab	442	383	87	Nellie Heaton
Kansas City	304	335	110	Venna T. Witbeck
Kolob	490	425	87	Hilda W. Cherrington
Lake View	674	671	100	Glenda Thompson
Las Vegas	681	811	119	Lila H. Leavitt
Lehi	631	484	77	Rosa Ashton
Lethbridge	668	580	87	Thelma E. B. Derochie
Liberty	763	791	104	Katherine H. McOmie
Logan	540	432½	80	Ruby W. Amussen
Long Beach	645	803	124	Silva Mahnken
Lorin Farr	612	463	76	Ella N. Christensen
Los Angeles	584	602	103	Velma Shurley
Lost River	269	210	78	Marie Acor
Malad	535	554½	104	Elizabeth B. Facer
Maricopa	681	619	91	Muriel Freeman
Mesa	805	702	87	Lola C. White
Midvale	608	485½	80	Minerva W. Smith
Mill Creek	593	587	99	E. Orel A. Greenig
Millard	602	522½	87	DeVine McIntosh
Minidoka	588	631	107	Shirley R. Eames
Missoula	401	343	86	Sarah Fillmore
Moapa	282	240	85	Era C. Jones
Montpelier	749	613	82	Lola McCammon
Monument Park	342	382	112	Sara H. Stone
Monument Park West	558	605	108	Hazel S. Robison
Morgan	361	273	76	Manilla W. Carter
Mt. Graham	590	593	101	Cora B. Merrill
Mt. Jordan	798	703	88	Alice E. Johnson
Mt. Logan	693	589	85	Lola H. Gibbons
Mt. Ogden	638	524	82	Shirley E. Wade
Mt. Rubidoux	640	656	103	Hilda Peel
Murray	459	407½	89	Mabell A. Smith
Murray South	557	477½	86	Elva P. Payne
Nampa	721	708	98	Ida Cafferty
Nebo	645	583	90	Leona S. Crouch
Nevada	425	330	78	Ada M. Shakespear
New Orleans	288	271	94	Evelyn G. Tolbert
New York	376	443	118	Thyra Stoddard
North Box Elder	622	575	93	Etha John
North Carbon	457	381	83	Annie Parker
North Davis	882	910½	103	Thora A. Martin
North Idaho Falls	823	911	111	Winona Telford
North Jordan	845	846½	100	Louisa Bradley
North Pocatello	509	564	111	Tura Hadley
North Rexburg	628	589	94	Arvilla Parkinson
North Sacramento	623	515	83	Laura P. Brew

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Subscriptions Pct.	Magazine Representative
North Sanpete	618	487	79	Nita S. Cook
North Seattle	467	447	96	Chelta D. Brown
North Sevier	392	331	84	Rhea Mickelsen
North Tooele	489	477	98	Mary M. McKellar
North Weber	625	506	81	Marvel Barrow
Nyssa	464	508½	110	Vonda Huntington
Oakland-Berkeley	711	693	97	Vera Weindorf
Ogden	630	607	96	Chloe F. Summerill
Oneida	663	555	84	Mada M. Larsen
Oquirrh	451	629½	140	Helen D. Jensen
Orange County	552	621	113	Mabel M. Martin
Palmyra	616	594	96	Mabel Banks
Palo Alto	342	292	85	Agnes K. Schwarz
Park	763	751	98	Pearl E. Rohde
Pasadena	705	715	101	Vera Jean N. Jones
Phoenix	837	808	97	Rose Openshaw
Pioneer	585	494	84	Emma O. Frenette
Pocatello	481	511	106	Esther H. Hanks
Portland	622	687	110	LaPreal Johnson
Portneuf	469	427	91	Ada L. Parris
Provo	480	670½	140	Flora Buggert
Raft River	186	158	85	Alice O. Neddo
Redondo	675	715	106	Clarice Rentmeister
Reno	621	589	95	Pearl S. Robison
Reseda	409	418	102	Bernice Hutchinson
Rexburg	625	800	128	Beth Moore
Rigby	754	753	100	Ruey A. Ball
Riverdale	515	455	88	Edith Stacy
Riverside	784	664½	85	Isabelle Sugden
Roosevelt	539	446	83	Katie Duncan
Rose Park	587	555¾	95	Marjorie J. Peek
Sacramento	442	484	110	Magdalene Richardson
St. George	878	760½	87	Agnes S. Pickett
St. Johns	450	394½	88	Glenda Pulsipher
St. Joseph	566	590½	104	Nira P. Lee
Salmon River	203	178	88	Anna Young
Salt Lake	779	783	101	Frances L. Kooyman
San Bernardino	558	602	108	Valeer M. Jolly
San Diego	955	1084½	114	Ruth M. Nelson
San Fernando	526	479	91	Cleo Hupp
San Francisco	441	464	105	Gertrude P. Terry
San Joaquin	548	643	117	Leah K. Jacobs
San Jose	527	501	95	Lena Millett
San Juan	508	478	94	Vivian W. Redd
San Luis	494	390	79	Opal McDaniel
San Mateo	418	409	98	Harriet S. Zeitschel
Santa Monica	582	779	134	Kathleen Savage
Santa Rosa	463	373	81	Edna Viola Harris
Seattle	473	476	101	Leona D. Torney
Sevier	819	826½	101	Florence U. Ogden
Sharon	570	495	87	Norma Dee Jameson
Shelley	677	773	114	Merle Young
Smithfield	673	517½	77	Vera R. Cantwell

STAKES ON HONOR ROLL—1957

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative
Snowflake	648	550	85	Adele H. Ballard
South Bear River	581	582	100	Dorothy B. Kerr
South Blackfoot	590	493½	84	Gladys H. Harman
South Box Elder	630	663	105	Naomi P. Larkin
South Davis	777	641½	83	Elsie Logsdon
South Idaho Falls	728	794	109	Wynnette K. Card
South Los Angeles	1147	2881	251	Edna C. Stoutsenberger
South Ogden	713	665	93	Virgia P. Jensen
South Salt Lake	899	929	103	Hannah Dietrich
South Sevier	501	390½	78	Margaret Bown
South Summit	440	389	88	Susie D. Andrus
Southern Arizona	303	305	101	Maud Poot
Spanish Fork	583	594	102	Lois Dedrickson
Spokane	649	499	77	Lola M. May
Springville	506	437½	86	Donetta H. Anthon
Star Valley	716	671½	94	Vera H. Roberts
Sugar House	847	881½	104	Nellie J. Ehlers
Summit	356	275	77	Thelma P. Brown
Tacoma	596	599	101	Nettie M. Blake
Taylor	657	682	104	Nellie T. Ririe
Taylorsville	746	785	105	Afton L. Smith
Temple View	768	719	94	Mabel E. Snow
Teton	502	428½	85	Ruby F. Christiansen
Timpanogos	678	592	87	Ethel Fenton
Tooele	445	382	86	Jewel Halgren
Tucson	443	403	91	Belva Jones
Twin Falls	801	831	104	Hazel W. Stevens
Uintah	446	438	98	Stella Sadlier
Union	483	510	106	Mar Jean Westerfield
University	604	526	87	Olive Coombs
Utah	540	452	84	Bertha Memmott
Uvada	320	284	89	Vera Rowley
Valley View	440	458	104	Dorie N. Walton
Walnut Creek	472	383	81	Barbara B. Green
Wasatch	717	714	100	Leda M. Titus
Washington	599	554	92	Mary E. Stimpson
Wayne	324	272	84	LaVird W. Balle
Weber	766	622	81	Florence Wright
Weiser	497	451	91	Irene H. Winegar
Wells	907	911	100	Edith H. Koelliker
West Boise	502	537	107	Myrtle B. Oborn
West Jordan	994	827	83	Vivian Ray
West Pocatello	838	886	106	Ione G. Slayden
West Utah	619	653	105	Edith Baum
Wilford	535	478	89	Sarah Cromar
Woodruff	525	532	101	Naomi B. Harris
Yellowstone	788	782	99	Alta H. Murdock
Young	493	475	96	Afton F. Rencher
Zion Park	377	367	97	Faun G. Eves

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Hulda Parker, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for January 1958, page 47, and in the *Handbook of Instructions*.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Vera R. Cantwell

SMITHFIELD STAKE (UTAH) PRESENTS SPECIAL PROGRAM "CHARACTERS AND TEACHINGS OF THE BOOK OF MORMON"

Front row, standing, left to right: Hazen Hillyard as King Benjamin; Norman Ravsten as Nephi; Einar Pederson as Alma the First; Verena Weeks as a foreign descendant; Lucille Hillyard as a Jewish descendant; Mary Loosle as a Lamanite descendant; Cherrill Charle, organist.

Back row, standing, left to right: Charles Jensen as Moroni; Keith Jorgenson as Alma the Second; Ray Jorgenson as Mormon; Elva Ravsten, stake theology class leader.

Vera R. Cantwell, President, Smithfield Stake Relief Society, reports that all the women of the stake were invited to this special program. The congregation sang "To Nephi Seer of Olden Time," and the prayer was offered by Alta C. Allen, former stake Relief Society president. Musical numbers were presented by the Newton and Clarkston Wards Singing Mothers, with Ilene Barker conducting and Nola Jenkins at the piano. Benediction was by Anne M. Farr, a former stake Relief Society president.

A beautiful display of the year's accomplishments was arranged by Venna Johnson and Wilma Cooley. Quilts, crocheting, copper work, artificial flowers, dish towels, and all manner of handwork were included in the attractive display. Refreshments were served by stake board members Florence Rigby, Selena Law, Jean Roylance, Burdetta Harris, and Roma Law.

Photograph submitted by Ora C. Mason

NORTH SEVIER STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, February 9, 1958

Seated at the left in the front row, left to right: Ora C. Mason, President, North Sevier Stake Relief Society; Bernice R. Mickelsen, First Counselor; Beth Bastian, organist. Standing at the right: Wilma Sorenson, chorister.

The men in the back row, from left to right, are: Elder Ernest Bastian, High Councilman; members of the former stake presidency: Blaine C. Curtis; Dale H. Peterson; G. Glen Taylor.

Photograph submitted by Luella T. Wilson

KOLOB STAKE (UTAH) VISITING TEACHERS CONVENTION, January 25, 1958

Stake Board members and visitors seated in the front row, left to right: Ruby Christensen, literature class leader; Nellie Brown, theology class leader; Senate Mendenhall, visiting teacher message leader; Eva Bird, social science class leader; Hilda Cherrington, *Magazine* representative; Ethel Jensen, Second Counselor; Luella T. Wilson, President; Lydia Thorn, First Counselor; Zelma Beardall, Secretary-Treasurer; Winniefred S. Manwaring, member, General Board of Relief Society; Hulda Parker, General Secretary-Treasurer of Relief Society; Lora Whiting, former second counselor, Kolob Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Anna Wright

SOUTH BLACKFOOT STAKE (IDAHO) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, February 9, 1958

Leola Horrocks, chorister, is standing in front of the organ; Beth Hoopes, organist, is seated at the organ.

Anna Wright, President, South Blackfoot Stake Relief Society, reports that this chorus furnished the music for both sessions of the stake quarterly conference. There were ninety-five singers in the group. They also presented a lovely program at the December Relief Society union meeting. There are nine wards in South Blackfoot Stake.

Photograph submitted by Jennie S. Bowman

MEXICAN MISSION, AMERICAN BRANCH (MEXICO CITY) RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS

Left to right: First Counselor Marylin Croshaw Haycock; President Lois Ipson Green; Second Counselor Erma Disney Tyler.

Sister Bowman reports that a new American Branch Relief Society was organized July 5, 1957, and now has nine members, with usually some visitors from the United States attending the meetings.

Jennie S. Bowman is president of the Mexican Mission Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Ruth W. Palmer

FLAGSTAFF STAKE (ARIZONA) VISITING TEACHERS WHO HAVE SERVED MORE THAN TWENTY-FIVE YEARS HONORED AT VISITING TEACHERS CONVENTION, December 7, 1957

Front row, standing, left to right: Emma Price; Martha Thomas; Rosetta Scott; Josephine Thompson; Eva Dietsman; Eliza Scott; Hazel Johnson; Amy Brown.

Back row, standing, left to right: Mabel Hatch; May Shumway; Wilma Robinson; Zina Yates; Theresa Scott; Rilla Allen; Roberta Tanner; Grace Castleberry; Zella Lee; Myrtle Ray.

Ruth W. Palmer, President, Flagstaff Stake Relief Society, reports that special recognition was given Sister Rosetta Scott who has served more than sixty years as a visiting teacher. All visiting teachers who attended were presented with a book of special tributes and gems for visiting teachers.

Photograph submitted by Laura M. Wilkin

OQUIRRH STAKE (UTAH), MAGNA FIRST WARD SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT CHRISTMAS PROGRAM, December 22, 1957

Seated, in front, left to right: Pauline Larsen, accompanist; Noreen Chapman.

First row, standing, left to right: Cleo Hales; Della Kone; Ida Beckstead; Althea

Chapman; Donna Cross; Bertha Adams; Ann Richards; Lois Nay; Melva Jena Hicks; Mildred Caldwell; Ina Pendleton; Norma Bowen; Luella Newbold, chorister.

Back row, standing, left to right: Laurel Collings; Elizabeth Beckstead; Francis Hutchinson; Phyllis Johnson; Joan Duckworth; Doris Peterson; Julia Cimmers; Rhoda Mitchell; Izella Jeppson; Myrtle Bruce.

Laura M. Wilkin, President, Oquirrh Stake Relief Society, reports that a lovely Christmas program was presented in the Magna First Ward by the Singing Mothers under the direction of Luella Newbold, chorister, and accompanist Pauline Larsen. The soloists were Kathleen Pearce, Mildred Caldwell, Melva Jean Hicks, and Ina Pendleton. The reader was Lois Nay. The group sang "O, Holy Night," "The Holy City," and a medley of familiar Christmas carols.

Photograph submitted by Eliza L. Robinson

STAR VALLEY STAKE (WYOMING), OSMOND WARD CHRISTMAS BAZAAR

December 1957

Standing, left to right: Lanea Allred, First Counselor; Ruby Erickson, Second Counselor; Ada Gomm, work meeting leader; Joyce Longhurst, President.

Eliza L. Robinson, President, Star Valley Stake Relief Society, reports that this bazaar was held just before Christmas. "The bazaar was very successful. Practically every woman in the ward participated. The proceeds will go to help buy a piano for the Relief Society room. . . . We are very proud to report that the Osmond Ward Relief Society had the highest percentage of attendance at meetings in our stake during the year 1956 and tied with the Fairview Ward for 1957."

Photograph submitted by Catherine Child

LAKE VIEW STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, January 19, 1958

Standing in the front row, at the extreme right, is chorister Iola Belnap Murray. Organist Louise Davenport was absent when this picture was taken.

Catherine Child, President, Lake View Stake Relief Society, reports that the chorus sang in both sessions of the stake quarterly conference and one of the six numbers presented was "Oh, May I Know the Lord As Friend," by Sister Florence J. Madsen of the General Board of Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Janet Maughan

SAN LUIS OBISPO STAKE (CALIFORNIA), LOMPOC WARD SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS

Front row, seated, left to right: Genive Rich; Shirley Staffenson, Second Counselor; Patricia Westerlund; Lorraine Carr, organist; Edith Swonger, Secretary; Barbara Sanchez; Nydia Hansen; Thelma Lewis, First Counselor.

Back row, standing, left to right: Celia Staffenson, chorister; Marilyn Spence; Faye Swonger; Lora Jackson; Sadie Burt, President; Mary Christensen.

Janet Maughan, President, San Luis Obispo Stake Relief Society, reports that this group is a part of the stake Singing Mothers chorus. The picture was taken in the Relief Society room, shortly after the decorating was completed. "The room is beautiful and is certainly a monument to the Relief Society organization."

Photograph submitted by Beryl W. Warner

SAN MATEO STAKE (CALIFORNIA) NEW RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENCY REPRESENTS FIFTY-EIGHT YEARS OF EXPERIENCE

In front, left to right: President Beryl W. Warner; Secretary Inez V. Suhlsen.

At the back: Second Counselor Naomi B. Bodily; First Counselor Thelma G. Howard.

These officers represent fifty-eight years of Relief Society service previous to their present position, and each has served as the first president of a newly organized Relief Society: Sister Warner was the first president of the San Carlos Ward Relief Society; Sister Suhlsen was first president of the Redwood City Relief Society; Sister Bodily was first president of the Castro Valley Ward Relief Society; Sister Howard served as president in the newly divided Redwood City Ward Relief Society.

Other members of the stake board are: Alta Johnson, stake chorister; Harriet Zeitschel *Magazine* representative; Dorothy Peterson visiting teacher message leader; Cora Burmester, theology leader; Leeta Squire, literature leader; Phoebe Paine, social science leader; Marcell Weaver, work meeting leader.

A Mother's Way

Iris W. Schow

She laid her body like a wall
To shield her little one from harm;
She made a cover of her heart
And her cupped hands to keep him warm.

Her footprints marked the narrow way
His feet might follow to his goal;
And for the nurture of his mind
She spread a feast from her own soul.

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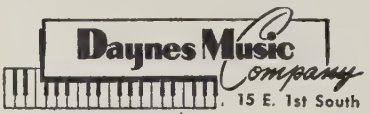

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Elizabeth's Children

(*Continued from page 322*)

nothing pressing, could I take off again for a little while?"

"You've certainly earned a bonus trip," he agreed. "That magnificent job you've just done! Where will you go?"

She smiled at that. "As if you didn't know the only place that holds any interest for me!"

"But your sister's children don't need you this time, I suppose. It must be. . . ."

"I'm thinking of myself this time, Brent. I'm tired."

"I'm sorry, Carol. Go and have a good time."

"Thanks, Brent." She hesitated, then said doubtfully, "Why don't you take a vacation, too? You look as weary as I feel. And everything's slowed down in this heat. Anyway, that young assistant of yours — my competition — Lew Zane, can handle everything."

Brent looked at her shrewdly. "I might just do that, Carol. Where would you suggest I go for a rest?"

"Why not Wyoming? Jacksons Hole? It's the most restful place I've ever found. There's a wonderful dude ranch not far from Fred's. There are fishing and hunting and camping, lakes and rivers, mountains —it has everything! And you could join us on our excursions. Fred knows every interesting spot within miles, and Tony has all sorts of equipment."

Carol saw the man's look change. It had been intently reflective, as if visioning a tranquil, happy world. Now, in an instant, it was shuttered, withdrawn.

"No, thank you, Carol. I don't

imagine I'd enjoy that. I think I'll betake myself to San Francisco. That's a town where a man can have a real vacation — boating, deep sea diving — and the best food on earth."

"Yes," Carol agreed, "it's one of my favorite cities. Well, then, have a good time, Brent. We'll probably both feel more like tackling the winter when we get back."

On her way to her studio apartment, Carol was thinking that she should call Fred and tell him she was coming. He would certainly let Tony know.

The pavement, heated by the pounding rays of the midsummer sun, scorched the soles of her feet through her thin summer shoes. She sighed. It would be good to get away. Maybe San Francisco would have been fun for her, too, but Brent hadn't suggested that she go there. But Wyoming had attractions the coast city lacked. Elizabeth's children would be waiting for her. It was less than four months since she had seen them, but already her arms ached for the feel of their sturdy young bodies. Now she would see them again, talk to them, hold them close. And, no matter how much Dolly Graham might have taken over their lives, she would know the joy of being near her loved ones again.

(To be continued)

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Pansye H. Powell

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Is a canyon word
Taught to the tired soul
By pines and aspens whispering
At dusk.

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Mother's Letters

Emma Ann Bigelow

We used to get a letter
Every day or two.
She'd talk about the weather,
How she loved the view
Of the valley
From the front porch
After rain.

Little things that pleased her,
Like the rose beside the door,
The inner satisfaction
Of a well-scrubbed kitchen floor.
A cookie for a neighbor child,
A visit to a friend,
A better way for making bread—
These were the words she'd send.

Remembered words—encouraging
and dear;
Of love and understanding,
confidence and cheer.
Remembered deeds—the night
we climbed the hill
And watched the great full
harvest moon
The earth with splendor fill.
Hard work well done,
A joy shared,
Faith unshakeable.

And though she's gone, I still receive,
In some sweet way,
A letter from my Mother
Every day.

Tendrils

Leslie Savage Clark

With tendrils, sensitive and frail
As a morning glory vine
That needs to cling to greater strength,
A child's small heart may twine
Its yearnings round another's life.
There, sunned, its flowers expand—
So brief, so vulnerable to frost
Or clumsy hand.

Papa and His Grapes

(*Continued from page 303*)

"Move to one side, please," her father admonished Jamie. He dragged forth the paper bag of grapes.

"They're already washed," he went on, stretching out his hands with the open bag toward Jamie. "I always say there isn't anything quite as tasty as a grape."

"They're my favorite after-dinner fruit, too," Jamie agreed. And he helped himself to a double handful. Then he turned back to her mother.

"As I was saying," he went on, "there isn't anything I believe in more than in people being themselves."

There in the doorway, for the first time, a shamed Celia was convinced of it, too.

God's Gift to Me

Bernice D. Savage

God gave to us the sunshine
And the roses sweet with dew;
He gave to us the twilight
And he gave the rainbow's hue,
The golden dawn of morning
That brings to us our day;
And the afterglow of evening
As we see the sun's last ray.

But he gave a greater beauty
When he gave a mother's love,
For it finds its source in heaven
And it lifts our souls above;
And though I love the beauty
Of the sun and land and sea,
Yet motherhood is the choicest gift
That God has given to me.

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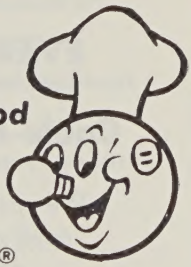

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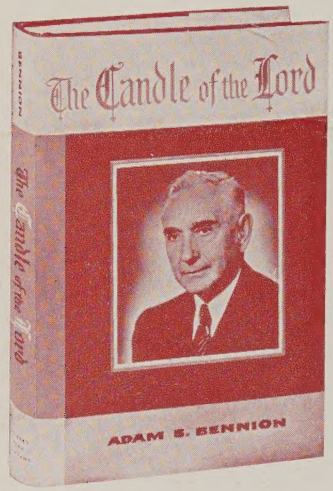

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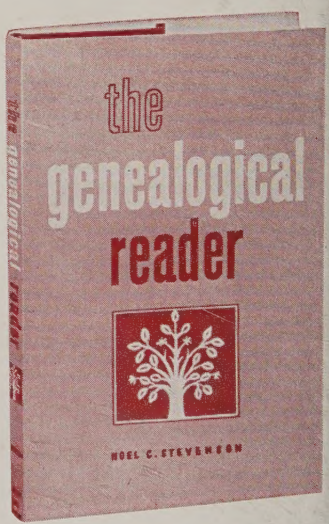

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